Vera et viva Effigies
Johannis Cleeveland.

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POEMS.

BY

John Cleavland.

With Additions, never before Printed.

London, Printed for *W. Shears* at the Bible in *Bedford*-street, 1662.

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TO THE STATE of LOVE, OR The Senses Festival.

I Saw a Vision yester-night
Enough to tempt a *Stoicks* spright:
I wisht my self a *Baker* there,
And her quick pulse my trembling Sphere;
It was a She so glittering bright,
You'd think her soul an *Adamite*,
A person of so rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with flame.
Beauties chiefest Maid of honour!
You'd break a Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbesse of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
(Can shew so much a glorious prize.
And yet, because 'tis more renown
To make a shadow shine, she's brown;
A brown, for which, heaven would disband
The Galaxye, and stars be tann'd,
Brow by reflection, as her eye,
Dazels the Summers livery.

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Old dormant windows muſt confeſs,
Her beams their glimmering ſpectacles;
Struck with the ſplendor of her face,
Do'th'office of a burning-glaſſe.
Now where ſuch radiant lights have ſhown,
(No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt with luſtre of her own.
My fight took pay, but (thank my charms;)
I now empale her in mine arms,
(Loves compaſſes) confining you
Good Angels to a compaſſe too.
Is not the Univerſe ſtraight-lac't,
When I can claſp it in the waſt?
My amorous foulds about thee hurl'd,
With *Drake* I compaſs in the World;
I hoop the firmament, and make
This my embrace the Zodiack.
How would the Centre take my ſence,
When admiration doth commence,
At the extream circumference!
Now to the melting kiſſe that ſips
The gelley'd Philtre of her lips
So ſweet there is no tongue can praiſe,
Till tranſubſtantiate with a taſte,
Inſpir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
By th'billing of my heav'nly Dove;
Love prints her Signets in her ſmacks,
Thoſe ruddy drops of ſqueezing wax;
Which whereſoever ſhe imparts,
They're Privie Seals to take up hearts.

Our

Our mouths encountring at the ſport,
My ſlippery ſoul had quit the fort,
But that ſhe ſtopt the Sally-port.
Next to thoſe ſweets her lips diſpence,
As twin-conſerves of eloquence,
The ſweet perfume her breath affords,
Incorporating with her words;
No Roſary this votreſſe needs,
Her very ſyllables are beads.
No ſooner 'twixt thoſe Rubies born,
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
With what delight her ſpeech doth enter!
It is a kiſſe o'th' ſecond venter.
And I diſſolve at what I hear,
As if another *Roſamond* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.
Yet that's but a preludious bliſſe;
Two ſouls pickearing in a kiſſe:
Embraces do but draw the line,
'Tis ſtorming that muſt take her in.
When bodies whine, and victory hovers
'Twixt the equall fluttering lovers,
This is the game; make ſtakes my dear,
Hark how the ſprightly *Chanticlere*,
(That *Baron Tell-clock* of the night,)
Sounds *Boot-eſel* to *Cupids* knight.
Then have at all, the paſs is got,
For coming off, oh name it not:
Who would not die upon the ſpot?

FUSCARA, or the BEE errant.

NAtures confectioner, the *Bee*,
Whose suckets are moist *Alchymie*,
The still of his refining mouldy
Minting the Garden into gold;
Having rifled all the fields
Of what dainties *Flora* yields,
Ambitious now to take Excise
Of a more fragrant Paradise,
At my *Fuscara*'s sleeve arriv'd,
Where all delicious sweets are shiv'd.
The ayrie Freebooters distrains
First on the Violet of her Veins,
Whose tincture could it be more pure,
His ravenous kiss had made it bluer:
Here did he sit, and essence quaff,
Till her coy pulse had beat him off;
That Pulse, which he that feels may know
Whether the worlds long-liv'd or no.
The next he preys on is her Palm,
That Alm'ner of transpiring Balm;
So soft, 'tis air but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a gelly glov'd.
Here while his canting drone-pipe scann'd
The Mystick figures of her hand,
He tipples Palmestry, and dives
On all her fortune-telling lives:

He

He bathes in bliſſe, and finds no odds
Betwixt her Nectar and the gods;
He pearches now upon her wriſt,
A proper Hawk for ſuch a fiſt,
Making that ſleſh his bill of fare,
Which hungry Cannibals would ſpare.
Where Lilies in a lovely brown
Inoculate Carnation;
Her *Argus* skin with *Or* ſo ſtream'd
As if the milky way were cream'd.
From hence he to the woodbine bends
That quivers at her fingers ends,
That runs division on the three,
Like a thick branching pedigree.
So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
It is a pretty maze of flowers,
It is the Roſe that bleeds when he
Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
About her finger he doth cling
I'th' faſhion of a wedding ring,
And bids his Comrades of the ſwarm
Crawl on a bracelet 'bout her arm.
Thus when the hovering Publican
Had ſuck'd the Toll of all her ſpan,
Turning his draughts wth drouſy hums,
As *Danes* carrouſe by Kettle Drums,
It was decreed that poſie glean'd,
The ſmall familiar ſhould be weand:
At this the Errants courage quails,
Yet aided by his native ſails,

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The bold *Columbus* ſtill deſignes
To find her undiſcovered mines:
To th' *Indies* of her arm he flies
Fraught both with Eaſt and Weſtern prize;
Which when he had in vain aſſaid,
Arm'd like a dapper Lance-preſade,
With *Spaniſh* pike he broacht a pore,
And ſo both made and heal'd the ſore:
For as in Gummy trees there's found,
A ſalve to iſſue at the wound,
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a balſome too:
But oh! What Waſp was't that could prove
Ratilias to my *Queen of Love*?
The King of Bees now jealous grown,
Leſt her beams ſhould melt his throne:
And finding that his tribute ſlacks,
His Burgeſſes, and ſtate of Wax
Turn'd to an Hoſpitall, the combs
Build rank and file like Beads mens rooms,
And what they bleed but tart and ſowre,
Matcht with my *Danaes* golden ſhowre,
Live-Honey all, the envious elf
Stung her, 'cauſe ſweeter than himſelf.
Sweetneſs and ſhe are ſo ally'd,
The *Bee* committed paricide.

To JULIA to expedite her promise.

SInce 'tis my Doom, Love's under-Shrieve,
Why this reprieve?
Why doth my She-Advowson flie
Incumbency?
Panting Expectance makes us prove
The Anticks of benighted Love,
And withered Mates when wedlock joyns,
They're *Hymens* Monkeys which he tyes by th'
To play (alas) but at Rebated Foyns. (loyns,
To sell thy self dost thou intend
By Candle end?
And hold the contract thus in doubt,
Life's Taper out?
Think but how soon the market fails;
Your Sex lives faster than the males,
As if to measure Age's span
The *Sober Julian* were th'Account of Man,
Whil'st You live by the fleet *Gregorian*.
Now since you bear a Date so short
Live double for't.
How can thy Fortresse ever stand
If't be not mann'd?
The Siege so gains upon the Place,
Thoul't find the Trenches in thy Face;
Pity thy self then, if not me,
And hold not out, lest (like *Ostend*) thou be
Nothing but Rubbish at Deliverie.

The

The Candidates of *Peter*'s chair
must plead gray hair,
And use the Simony of a cough
to help them off;
But when I woe thus old and spent,
I'le wed by Will and Teſtament.
No, let us love while criſp'd & curl'd,
Are but gay Furlows for another world.

To morrow what thou tender'ſt me,
is Legacy;
Not one of all thoſe rav'nous houres
but thee devours.
And though thou ſtill recruited be,
Like *Pelops*, with ſoft Ivorie;
Though thou conſume but to renew;
Yet *Love*, as Lord, doth claim a Herriot due.
That's the beſt quick thing I can finde of you.

I feel thou art conſenting ripe
by that ſoft gripe.
And thoſe regealing chryſtall ſphears,
I hold thy tears
Pledges of more diſtilling ſweets,
The Bath that uſhers in the ſheets;
Elſe pious *Julia* (Angel-wife)
Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling eys
To cure the ſpittle-world of maladies.

THE

THE HECATOMB TO HIS MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming Trade,
Geld the loose wits, & let the Muse be splaid;
Charge not the parish with the bastard phrase
Of Balm, Elixar, both the India's,
Of shrine, saint, sacrilege, and such as these
Expressions common as their Mistresses.
Hence ye fantastick Postillers in song,
My text defeats your Art, ties Natures tongue,
Scorns all his tinsil'd Metaphors of pelf,
Illustrated by nothing but his self.
As Spiders travell by their bowels spun
Into a thred, and when the race is run,
Wind up their Journey in a living clew,
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own essence must I first untwine,
Then twist again each Panegyrick line.
Reach then a soaring quill, that I may write,
As with a *Jacobs* staff to take the height.
Suppose an Angel darting through the air,
Should there encounter a religious prayer
Mounting to heaven, that Intelligence
Should for a Sunday-suit thy breath condense

Into

Into a body. Let me crack a ſtring
In venturing higher; were the note I ſing
Above heavens *Ela*, ſhould I undecline,
And with a deep-mouth *Gammat* ſound agen
From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
Nor finde an Epithite to ſet it forth.
Metals may blazon common beauties; She
Makes pearl and planets humble herauldry.
As then a purer ſubſtance is deſin'd,
But by a heap of Negatives combin'd;
Ask what a ſpirit is, you'l hear them cry
It hath no matter, no mortality:
So can I not define how ſweet, how fair,
Onely I ſay ſhe's not as others are:
For what perfection we to others grant,
It is her ſole perfection to want.
All other forms ſeem in reſpect of thee
The Almanacks miſhap'd Anatomie,
Where *Aries* head and face; *Bull* neck & throat;
The *Scorpion* gives the ſecrets; knees, the *Goat*;
A brief of limbs foul as thoſe beaſts, or are
Their name-ſak'd ſigns in their ſtrange cha-
As the Philoſophers to every ſence [racter.
Marry it's object, yet with ſome diſpence,
And grant them a Polygamy withall,
And theſe their common ſenſibles they call:
So is't with her, who ſtinted unto none,
Unites all Sences in each action.
The ſame beam heats and lights; to ſee her well
Is both to hear and feel, to taſte and ſmell.

For

For can you want a palate in your eyes
When each of hers contains a double prize,
Venus'es apple? can the eyes want noſe,
When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant Roſe?
Or can the ſight be deaf if ſhe but ſpeak,
A well tun'd face ſuch moving Rhetorick?
Doth not each look a flaſh of light'ning feel,
which ſpares the bodies ſheath, & melts the ſteel?
Thy ſoul muſt needs confeſs, or grant thy ſence
Corrupted with the objects excellence,
Sweet Magick, which can make five ſences lie
Conjur'd within the circle of an eye!
In whom, ſince all the five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his fixt!
Thou man of mouth, that canſt not name a She
Unleſs all nature pay a Subſidie,
Whoſe language is a Tax, whoſe Muskcat verſe
Voids not but flowers for thy Muſes herſe,
Fitter than *Celia*'s looks, who in a trice
Canſt ſtate the long diſputed Paradiſe:
And with Divines hunt with ſo cold a ſcent,
Can in her boſom finde it reſident.
Now come aloft, come, come and breath a vein,
And give ſome vent unto thy daring ſtrain.
Say the Aſtrologer, who ſpells the ſtars,
In that fair Alphabet reads peace and wars,
Miſtakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
Interprets heavens Phyſiognomy.
Call her the Metaphyſicks of her Sex,
And ſay ſhe tortures wits, as *Quartans* vex

phy-

Phyſicians: call her the *Square* circle, ſay
She is the very rule of *Algebra*:
What e're you undertake not, ſay't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, & when thou hop'ſt to raiſe
Thy fancy ſo as to incloſe her praiſe:
Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,
Hyperboles are here but ſaeriledge.
Then rouz up Muſe, what thou haſt reveal'd out,
Some comments clear not, but increaſe the doubt.
She that affords poor mortals not a glance
Of knowledg, but is known by ignorance:
She that Commits a rape on every ſence,
Whoſe breath can countermand a peſtilence;
She that can ſtrike the beſt invention dead,
Till baffled Poetry hangs down her head:
She, ſhe it is, ſhe that contains all bliſſe,
And makes the world but her Periphraſis.

Upon

UPON
Sir THOMAS MARTIN,
Who subscribed a Warrant thus, *We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee*, &c. When there was no Knight but himself.

HAng out a flag, and gather pence a piece,
(which *Africk* never bred nor swelling
With stories Timpany) a beast so rare (*Greece*
No *Lectures* wrought cap, nor *Bartholmew* fair
Can match him; natures whimsey, one that out-vies
Tredeskin and his arx of Novelties.
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious sights,
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas Knights*:
But is this Bigamy of titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Martin* too?
Isachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of Panniers.
Thou that look'st wrapt up in thy warlike leather,
Like *Valentine* & *Orson* bound together.
Spurs representative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthur's Table*:
Who in this sacrilegious masse of all,
It seems ha's swallowed *Windsors* Hospitall.

Pair-royall headed *Cerberus* his Cozen:
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.
Had he but trumpt on thee, whose forked neck
Might well have answered at the Font for *Smeck*.
But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie?
Metall on metall is false Heraldry.
And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bulloin*'s coat
Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.
Great spirits move not by pedantick laws,
Their actions, though eccentrick, state the cause
And *Priscian* bleeds with honour: *Cæsar* thus
Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never loaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high;
Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double Dy?
Fond man! whose fate is in his name betrai'd,
It is the setting Sun doubles his shade;
But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

On

On the memory of Mr. Edward King, *drown'd in the Irish Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificial grief who scans his eyes,
Mine weep down pious beads, but why should I
Confine them to the Muses Rosary?
I am no Poet here; my Pen's the spout,
Where the Rain water of mine eyes run out,
In pity of that Name, whose fate we see
Thus copied out in griefs Hydrography:
The Muses are not Maid-maids, though upon
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*. (on't
The Sea's too rough for verse; who rhimes up-
With *Xerxes* strives to fetter the *Hellespont*.
My tears will keep no channel, know no laws
To guide the streams; but (like the waves their
cause)
Run with disturbance, till they swallow me
As a description of his misery.
But can his spacious virtue finde a grave
Within th' imposthum'd bubble of a wave?
Whose learning if we sound, we must confesse
The Sea but shallow, and him bottomlesse.
Could not the winds to countermand thy death
With their whole Card of Lungs redeem thy breath?
Or some new Island in thy rescue peep
To heave thy resurrection from the deep?
That so the world might see thy safety wrought,
With no lesse wonder then thy self was thought

The famous *Stagarite*, who in his life
Had nature as familiar as his wife,
Bequeath'd his Widow to survive with thee,
Queen Dowager of all Philosophy:
An ominous Legacy that did portend
Thy fate and Predecessours second end:
Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
The Sea can parallel in shape and kind:
Books, arts and tongues were wanting, but in
Neptune hath got an University. (thee
Wee'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to see
Thy sacred reliques of mortality
Shal welcome storms, & make the sea-men prize
His shipwrack now, more than his merchandize.
He shall embrace the waves, and to thy tombe
As to a Royaller Exchange shall come.
What can we now expect? water and fire;
Both elements or ruine do conspire:
And that dissolves us which doth us compound
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
We of the Gown our Libraries must tosse
To understand the greatnesse of our losse,
Be pupils to our grief, and so much grow
In learning as our sorrows overflow.
When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our eyes,
Wee'l issu't forth, and vent such Elegies,
As that our tears shall seem the *Irish* Seas
We floating Islands living *Hebrides*.

On

On the same.

TEll me no more of *Stoicks*: canst thou tell,
Who 'twas, that when the waves began to swell,
The Ship to sink, sad passengers to call,
[Master we perish] slept secure of all?
Remember this, and him that waking kept,
A minde as constant as he did that slept.
Canst thou give credit to his zeal and love,
That went to Heaven, & to those flames above
Wrapt in a fiery Chariot? since I heard
Who 'twas that on his knees the Vessel steer'd
With hands bolt up to heaven, since I see
As yet no sign of his mortality;
Pardon me, Reader, if I say he's gone
The self-same journey, in a watry one.

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Upon an HERMAPHRODITE.

SIr, or Madam, chuſe you whether,
Nature twiſt'd you both together;
And makes thy ſoul two garbs confeſſe,
Both petticoat and breeches dreſſe.
Thus we chaſtiſe the God of Wine
With water that is feminine,
Untill the cooler Nymph abate
His wrath, and ſo concorporate.
Adam till his rib was loſt,
Had both Sexes thus ingroſt.
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,
To make his body up compleat.
Thus Matrimony ſpeaks but *Thee*
In a grave ſolemnitie;
For man and wife make but one right
Canonical *Hermaphrodite*.
Ravell thy body, and I finde
In every limb a double kinde.
Who would not think that head a pair
That breeds ſuch factions in the hair?
One halfſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather then endure ſo much,
It would my tender limb apparrell
In *Regulus* his nailed barrel;

But

But the other half so small,
And so amorous withall,
That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
A string of his invisible bow,
When I look babies in thine eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy Orb contains both Sun & Moon:
How many melting kisses skip
'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
'Twixt thy upper brush of hair
And thy neither beards despair?
When thou speak'st, I would not wrong
Thy sweetnesse with a double tongue:
But in every single sound
A perfect Dialogue is found? A M E N
Thy breasts distinguish one another;
This is the Sister, that the Brother.
When thou joyn'st hands my ear still fancies,
The Nuptiall sound, I *John* take *Frances*:
Feel but the difference, soft and rough,
This is a Gantlet, that a Muff:
Had sly *Ulysses* at the sack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlars pack,
And weapons too to know *Achilles*
From King *Nichomedes Phillis*,
His Plot had fail'd, this hand would feel
The needle that the Warlike steel.
When musick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right leg takes the left to dance,

Nor is't a Galliard dane'd by one,
But a mixt dance, though alone:
Thus every heteroclite part
Changes gender, not the heart.
Nay, those wch modestly can mean,
And dare not speak, are Epicene;
That gamster needs must overcome,
That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
Thus did natures mintage vary;
Coyning thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The Authors

HERMAPHRODITE.

Made after Mr. Randolph's *death, yet inserted into his* POEMS.

PRobleme of Sexes! must thou likwise be
As disputable in thy pedigree?
Thou twins in one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw lesse then Aums ace upon two Dice:
Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
To split thy Sire into a double father?
True, the worlds scales are even: what the main
In one gets place, another quits again.
Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must;
Slice one in two, to keep her number just:

Plurality

Pluralitie of livings is thy ſtate,
And therefore mine muſt be impropriate.
For, ſince the childe is mine, and yet the claim
Is intercepted by anothers name,
Never did people carry double eruer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then ſay my Muſe (& without more diſpute)
Who, 'tis that fame doth ſuper-inſtitute,
The *Theban* Wittall when he once deſcries,
Jove in his rivall, falls to ſacrifies:
That name hath tipt his horns: ſee on his knees
A health to Hans en Kelder *Hercules*,
Nay ſublunary cuckolds are content
To entertain their fate with complement;
And ſhal not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns
To quarter with his Muſe both arms & brains;
Grammercy Gollip, I rejoyce to ſee
Shee'th got a leap of ſuch a Barbary.
Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets creſt;
For ſince the Muſes left their former neſt,
To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolph*'s quill,
Cuckold *Parnaſſus* is a forked hill.

But ſtay, I've wak't his duſt, his Marble ſtirs,
And brings the worms for his compurgators.
Can Ghoſts have natural ſons? ſay *Ogg*, is't meet,
Pennance bear date, after the winding ſheet?
Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
May ſeem to prove being ther's two combin'd)
It would diſclaim my right, and that it were
The lawfull iſſue of his aſhes, ſwear.

But

But was he dead? did not his soul translate
Her self into a shop of lesser rate?
Or break up house, like an expensive Lord
That gives his purse a fob, and lives at board?
Let old *Pithagoras* but play the Pimp, (imp:
And still there's hopes it may prove his bastard
But I'me profane; For grant the world had one,
With whom he might contract an union,
They two were one, yet like an Eagle spread,
I'th'body joyn'd, but parted in the Head (Chair
For you my brat, that pose the Porph'ry
Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatsoere you are,
You are a Nephew, grieve not at your state,
For all the world is illegitimate.
Man cannot get a man, unlesse the Sun
Club to the act of generation.
The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt fathers of the Poetry, (mine
For since (blest shade) this verse is male, but
O'th' weaker Sex, a fancy feminine;
Wee'l part the child, & yet commit no slaughter
So shall it be thy Son, and yet my daughter.

To the HECTORS, upon the unfortunate death of H. COMPTON.

YOu Hectors! tame professors of the Sword!
Who in the chair state Duels, whose black word Be-

Bewitches courage, and like Devils too (and do.
Leaves the bewitch'd, when't comes to fight
Who on your errand your best Spirits send,
Not to kill Swine or Cows, but man and friends
Who are an whole Court-Martial in your drink
And dispute Honour, when you cannot think
Not orderly, but part out valour, as
You grow inspir'd by th' Oracle of the Glasse:
Then (like our zeal drunk Presbyters) cry down
All Law of kings & God, but what's their own.
Then y'have the gift of fighting, can discern
Spirits, who's fit to act and who to learn,
Who shall be baffled next, who must be beat,
Who kill'd, that you may drink, & swear & eat:
Whilst you applaud those murders wch you teach
And live upon the wounds your Riots preach.
Mere booty souls! who bids us fight a prize
To feast the laughter of our enemies? (gain,
Who shout, and clap at wounds, count it pure
Mere providence to hear a *Compton's* slain
A name they dearly hate, & justly should (blood
They lov't'wer worse their love would taint the
Blood always true, true as their swords & cause,
And never vainly lost, till your wilde Laws
Scandall'd their actions in this person, who
Truly durst more than you dare think to do.
A man made up of graces, every Move
Had entertainment in it, and drew Love (grave
From all but him who kill'd him, who seeks a
And fears a Death more shameful than he gave.

Now

Now you dread Hectors! you whom tyrant drink
Drags thrice about the Town; what do you think?
(If you be sober) Is it valour? say!
To overcome, and then to run away.
Fie, fie, your lusts and Duels both are one,
Both are repented of, as soon as done.

Square Cap.

COme hither *Apollo*'s bouncing girle,
And in a whole *Hippocrene* of Sherry
Let's drink a round till our brains do whirle,
Tuning our pipes to make our selves merry;
A Cambridge-Lasse, *Venus*-like, born of the froth
Of an old half fill'd Jug of barly broth;
She she's my Mistresse, her suiters are many,
But shee'l have a *Square-cap* if ere she have any.
And first, for the Plush sake the *Monmouth-cap* comes,
Shaking his head like an empty bottle,
With his new fangled oath by *Jupiters thumbs*,
That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
He tels her that after the death of his Grannam
He shall have God knows what *per annum*:
But still she replied, good Sir La-be,
If ever I have a man, *Square cap* for me.

Thin

Thin Calot *Leather-cap* strongly pleads (on;
And fain would derive the pedigree of fashi-
The *Antipodes* wear their shoes on their heads,
And why may not we in their imitation?
Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would please;
If it were but well toss'd on S. *Thomas* his Lees,
But still she repli'd, good ir SLa-be,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *Wrought-cap*,
With a long wasted conscience towards a Si-
And making a chappel of ease of her lap, (ster;
First he said grace, and then he kist her.
Beloved, quoth he, thou art my Text,
Then falls he to Use and Application next:
But then she replied, your Text (Sir) I'le be,
For then I'me sure you'l ne'r handle me.

But see where *Satten-cap* scouts about, (marry
And fain would this wench in his fellowship
He told her how such a man was not put out,
Because his wedding he closely did carry,
Hee'l purchase induction by Simony,
And offers her money her incumbent to be.
But still she replied, good Sir La-be,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophister by his *Round-cap*,
Nor in their fallacies are they divided;

The

The one milks the pocket, the other the tap,
And yet this wench he fain would have brided,
Come leay these thred-bare Scholars, quoth he,
And give me livery and seisin of thee; (on,
But peace *John a-nokes*, & leave your Orati-
For I never will be your Impropriation.
I pray you therefore good Sir La-be;
For if ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Upon PHILIS walking in a Morning before Sun-rising.

THe sluggish morn as yet undrest,
My *Phillis* brake from out her East,
As if shee'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, Usher to the Sun.
The trees, (like Yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Bank'd on each side with loyall duty,)
Wave branches to enclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopt,
Or age with crutches underpropt,
(Whose wooden carkases are grown
To be but coffins of their own,)
Revive, and at her general dole
Each receives his antient soul.
The winged Choristers began
(To chirp their Matins: and the Fan

Of

Of whistling winds, like Organs, plaid
Unto their Voluntaries, made
The wak'ned earth in odours rise
To be her morning Sacrifice.
The flowers call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsie heads,
And he that for their colour seeks,
May finde it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where Roses mix no civill war
Between her *York* and *Lancaster*.
The Marigold, whose Courtiers face,
Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs, and shuts up her gaudy shop;
Mistakes her kue and doth display;
Thus *Phillis* antidates the day.
These Miracles had cramp't the Sun,
Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,
Powders with light his friz'led locks,
To see what Saints his lustre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walk with light and shade,
(Like lattice-windows) give the spye
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Left her full Orb his sight should dim,
And bid us all good night in him,
Till she would spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-fashion'd day.
But what religious palsie's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their blisse?

And

And that they might her footsteps straw
Drop their leaves with shivering awe,
Phillis perceives, (and left her stay
Should wed *October* unto *May*;
And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
With drew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Upon a MISER that made a great feast, *and the next day died for grief.*

NOr scapes he so: our dinner was so good,
My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cud,
And what delight she took in th'invitation,
Strives to cast o're again in this relation.
After a tedious grace in *Hopkins* rhime,
Not for devotion, but to take up time;
March'd the train band of dishes usher'd there
To shew their postures, and then as they were.
For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
He will afford the lovers gluttony;
This is a feast, a Muster, not a fight,
Our weapons not for service but for sight,
But are we Tantaliz'd? is all this meat
Cook'd by a limner for to view, not eat?
Th' Astrologers keep such *Houses* when they sup
On joynts of *Taurus* or their heavenly Tup.

What

Whatever feaſts he made are ſumm'd up here,
His table vies not ſtanding with his chear.
His Churchings, Chriſtnings, in this meal are
And not tranſlated, but in th' Original. (all.
Chriſtmas is no feaſt moveable, for lo!
The ſelf-ſame dinner was ten years ago;
'Twill be immortal, if it longer ſtay,
The gods will eat it for *Ambroſia*.

But ſtay a while, unleſſe my whinyard fail,
Or is inchanted. I'le cut off th' intail. (ton;
Saint George for England then, have at the Mut-
When the firſt cut call's me bloud-thirſty glut-
What *Ajax*, with his anger-queld'd brain (ton:
Killing a ſheep, thought *Agamemnon* ſlain,
The fiction's now prov'd true, wounding his
Lamentably butcher up mine hoſt: (roſt,
Such ſympathy is with his meat, my weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon
Cut a Gooſe leg, and the poor ſoul for moan
Turns cripple too, and after ſtands on one.

Have you not heard the abominable ſport,
A *Lancaſter* Grand-Jury will report?
The ſouldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
The cats they came to feaſt, when luſty *Will*
Whips off great Puſſes leg, which by ſom charm
Proves the next day ſuch an old womans arm:
'Tis ſo with him, whoſe carcaſe never ſcapes,
But ſtill we ſlaſh them in a thouſand ſhapes:
Our ſerving-men, like Spaniels range, to ſpring
The fowl when he hath clockt under her wing.

Should he on Widgeon, & on Woodcock feed,
It were (*Thyestes* like) on his own breed.
To Pork he pleads a superstition due,
But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
Sauces we should have none, had he his wish,
The Oranges i'th' margent of the dish,
He with such Huesters tells them o're and o're,
Th'*Hesperian* Dragon never watcht them more!
But being eaten now into despair,
Having nought else to do, he falls to pray'r.
As thou didst once put on the form of Bull,
And turn'st thy *Jo* to a lovely Mull, (beef
Defend my Rump great *Jove*, grant this poor
May live to comfort me in all my grief (comes;
But no *Amen* was said. See, see it (drums.
Draw boys, let trumpets sound, & strike up
See how his blood doth with the gravy swim,
And every trencher has a limb of him (deeper,
The Venson's now in view, our hounds spend
Strange Deer, which in the Pasty hath a keeper
Stricter than in the Park, making his guest
(As he hath stolne't alive) to steal it drest!
The scent was hot, and we pursuing faster,
Then *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chac'd their Ma-
A double prey at once may seize upon (ster:
Acteon and his Case of Venison:
Thus was he torn alive: to vex him worse,
Death serves him up now as a second course.
Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd onely to save his meat.

A

A Young Man to an Old Woman *Courting him.*

PEace Beldam *Eve*, surcease thy suit;
Ther's no temptation in such fruit:
No rotten Medlers, whilst there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity!
Thy stock is too much out of date
For tender plants t'inoculate. (fears
A match with thee thy bridegroom
Would be thought interest in hisy ears.
Wch when compar'd to thine, become
Odd money to thy Grandam summe.
Can Wedlock know so great a curse
As putting Husbands out to Nurse?
How *Pond* and *Rivers* would mistake,
And cry new Almanacks for our sake?
Time sure hath wheel'dabout this year
December meeting *Janiveer*.
Th' *Ægyptian* Serpent figures time,
And stript, returns unto his prime.
If my affection thou would'st win,
First cast thy Hieroglyphick skin.
My modern lips know not (alack)
The old Religion of thy smack;
I count that primitive embrace,
As out of fashion as thy face.
And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,
Thy fornication's classicall.

Our ſports will differ, thou may'ſt play
Leero and *Alphonſo* way.
I'm no tranſlator, have no vein
To turn a woman young again:
Unleſſe you'l grant the Taylors due,
To ſee the fore-bodies be new:
I love to wear clothes that are fluſh,
Not prefacing old rags with pluſh.
Like Aldermen, or Monſter Sheriffs,
With canvas backs, and velvet ſleeves.
And juſt ſuch diſcord there would be
Betwixt the Skeleton and me.
Go ſtudy Salve and Treacle, ply
Your Tenants leg, or his ſore eye;
Thus Matrons purchaſe credit, thank
Six penny-worth of Mountebank.
Or chew thy cud on ſome delight
Thou takeſt in thy *Eighty Eight*.
Or be but bed-rid once, and then
Thou'lt dream thy youthful ſins agen:
But if thou needs wilt be my Spouſe,
Firſt harken and attend my vows.
When Ætna's fires ſhall undergo
The pennance of the Alps in ſnow:
When Sol *at one blaſt of his horn*
Poſts from the Crab *to* Capricorn:
When th' heavens ſhall ſhuffle all in one,
The Torrid with the frozen Zone;
When all theſe contradictions meet,
Then (Sibyll) *thou and I will greet.*

For

For all these smiles do hold
In my young heat and thy dull cold;
Then if a Power be so good
A Pimp as to inflame thy bloud,
Hymen shall twist thee and thy page,
The distinct Tropick of mans age.
Well (*Madam Time*) be ever bald,
I'le not thy Perywig be call'd.
I'le never be stead of a lover,
An aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. K. T. who askt him why he was Dumb.

SAy should I answer (Lady) then
In vain would be your question.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence nor Speech (on neither hand)
Can satisfie this strange demand.
Yet since your will throws me upon
This wished contradiction,
I'le tell you how I did become
So strangely (as you hear me) dumb.
Ask but the chap-fall'n Puritan,
'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man;
For heat of conscience all men hold,
Is th' only way to catch their cold:

How ſhould loves zealot then forbear
To be your ſilenc'd Miniſter?
Nay, your Religion which doth grant
A worſhip due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To ſuch an hallow'd excellence:
As th' Engliſh dialect would vary
The goodneſſe of an *Ave Mary*.
How can I ſpeak, that twice am checkt
By this and that religious Sect?

Still dumb, and in your face I ſpie
Still cauſe, and ſtill Divinity!
As ſoon as bleſt with your ſalute,
My manners taught me to be mute;
For, leaſt they cancel all the bliſſe,
You ſign'd with ſo divine a kiſſe,
The lips you ſeal muſt needs conſent
Unto the tongues impriſonment.
My tongue in hold, my voice doth riſe
With a ſtrange *Ela* to my eyes,
Where it gets hail, and in that ſenſe
Begins a new found Eloquence:
Oh! liſten with attentive ſight
To what my pratling eyes endite;
Or (Lady) ſince 'tis in your choice,
To give, or to ſuſpend my voice,
With the ſame key ſet ope the door
Wherewith you lockt it faſt before;

Kiſſe

Kisse once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My Muse shall write with Handmaids duty,
The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbnesse now confines,
But means to speak the rest by signes.

A Fair NYMPH (scorning a black BOY *Courting her.*

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the air,
Why should the smoke pursue the faire?

Boy. My face is smoke, thence may be gues't,
What flames within have scorch'd my brest.

Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the darke Lanthorn of thy hue.

Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps Loves taper,
Surer than yours that's of white paper.
Whatever midnight hath been here,
The Moon-shine of your light can clear.

Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipse is fraid,
If thou shouldst interpose thy shade.

Boy. Yet one thing (Sweet-heart) I will ask,
Buy for me a new false Mask.

Nymph. Yes: but my bargain shall be this,
I'le throw my Mask off when I kisse.

Boy. Our curl'd embraces shall delight;
To checquer limbs with black and white.
Nymph. Thy inky, my paper, make me guesse,
Our Nuptial bed will make a presse;
And in our sports if any came,
They'l read a coronation Epigramme.
Boy. Why should thy black thy love impaire
Let the dark shop commend thy ware:
Or if thy love from black forbears,
I'le strive to wash it off with tears. (needs
Nymph. Spare fruitlesse tears, since thou must
Still wear about thee mourning weeds:
Tears can no more affection win,
Than wash the Æthiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS upon *the* &c. *in the* OATH.

Sir *Roger*, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;
Whose yearly Audit may, by strict account,
To twenty Nobles, and his vails amount,
Fed on the common of the female charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity,
So shotten, that his soul like to himself
Walks but in *Querpo*: this same Clergy Elf,
Encountring with a brother of the Cloth,
Fell presently to Cudgels with the Oath.

The

The Quarrel was, a strange miss-shapen Monster
&c. (God blesse us!) which they conster,
The brand upon the buttock of the Beast,
The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a neast
Of young *Apocryphas*, the fashion
Of a new mentall Reservation.
While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other
Winks and expounds, saying, My pious brother
Hearken with reverence, for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I fasted twice,
And so by revelation know it better,
Than all the learn'd Idolaters o'th' Letter.
With that he swell'd, & fell upon the Theam,
Like great *Goliah* with his weavers beam:
I say to thee, &c. thou li'st,
Thou art the curled lock of *Antichrist*:
Rubbish of *Babel*, for who will not say,
Tongues were confounded in &c?
Who swears &c. sweares more oathes at once
Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce:
Who wiews it well, with the same eye beholds
The old half Serpent in his numerous folds.
Accurst, &c. thou, for now I scent,
What lately the prodigious Oysters meant.
Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'st thou to lack
This sign in thy prophetick Almanack?
It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernal plot
Of Powder 'gainst the State was first begot.
Peruse the Oath, and you shall soon descry it,
By all the Father *Garnets* that stand by it;

'Gainst

'Gainſt whom the Church, whereof I am a Mem-
Shall keep another fifth day of *November*. (ber,
Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruſſe
&c. it's ſo abominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not ſo fully lin'd
Unrip *&c.* and you ſhall find
Og the great Commiſſary, and which is worſe,
Th' Apparatour upon his ſkew-bald horſe.
Then (finally my babe of Grace) forbear,
&c. will be too farr to ſwear;
For 'tis (to ſpeak in a familiar ſtile)
A *Yorkſhire* wea-bit, longer than a mile.

Than *Roger* was in ſpir'd & by Gods-diggers
Hee'l ſwear in words at large, & not in figures.
Now by this drink, which he takes off as loth
To leave *&c.* in his liquid Oath:
His brother pledg'd him, & that bloudy wine
He ſwears ſhall ſeal the Synods *Cateline*.
So they drunk on, not offering to part
Til they had quite ſworn out th' eleventh quart;
While al that ſaw & heard them, joyntly pray,
They and their tribe were all *&c.*

SMECTYMNUUS; Or the CLUB-DIVINES.

SMectymnuus! the Goblin makes me ſtart!
I'th' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?

Syriack?

Syriack? or *Arabick?* or *Welch?* what skilt?
Ap all the Bricklayers that *Babel* built!
Some Coniurer translate, and let me know it,
Till then 'tis fit for a West-saxon Poet.
But do the brother-hood then play their prizes
Like Mummers in Religion with disguises?
Out brave us with a name in Rank and File,
A name, which if twere train'd would spread a
The Saints monopoly, the zealous cluster, (mile;
Which like a Porcupine presents a muster,
And shoots his Quills at Bishops and their Sees,
A Devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
Thus Jack of all trades hath devovtly shown
The twelve Apostles on a cherry-stone;
Thus faction's Al-a-Mode in treasons fashion;
Now we have heresie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixots* Rosary of slaves
Strung on a chain; a Murmival of knaves
Packt in a trick, like Gypsies when they ride,
Or like Colleagues, which sit all on a side:
So the vain Satyrists stand all a row;
As hollow teeth upon a Lute-string show.
Th' *Italian* Monster pregnant with his Brother,
Natures *Diaresis*, half one another,
He, with his little sides-man *Lazarus*,
Must both give way unto *Smectymnuus*.
Next *Sturbridge Fair* is *Smecks*; for lo his side
Into a five-fold *Lazar*'s multiplied.
Under each arm there's tuckt a double gyssard;
Five faces lurk under one single vizard.

The

The whore of *Babylon* left these brats behind,
Heirs of confusion by *Gavelkinde*.
I think *Pythagoras*'s soul is rambl'd hither,
With all the change of Raiment on together:
Smec is her general Ward-robe, shee'l not dare
To think of him as of a thorough-fare;
He stops the Gossipping Dame, alone she is
The purlew of a *Metaphoshst*.
Like a Scotch Mark, where the more modest
Checks the loud phrase, & shrinks to 13. pence:
Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame,
Though sometimes tripartite, joynes in the same:
Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly spell'd,
Into one man are monosyllabel'd.
Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.

See, see! how close the curs hunt under sheet,
As if they spent in Quire, & scann'd their feet;
One Cure and five Incumbents leap a truss:
The title sure must be litigious!
The *Sadducees* would raise a question,
Who must be *Smec* at the Resurrection.
Who coop'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wire-drawn, and spun out the name,
'Twould make another Prentices Petition
Against the Bishops and their superstition.

Robson & *French* (that count from five to five,
As far as nature fingers did contrive,
She saw they would be sessors, that's the cause
She cleft her hoof into so many claws,) May

May tire their carret-bunch, yet ne're agree
To rare *Smectymnuus* for Pole-money.
Caligula, whose paide was mankinds bail,
(As who disdain'd to murther by retail,)
Wishing the world had but one generall neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in
No eccho can improve the *Author* more (*Smek.*
Whose lungs pay use on use to half a score.
No Felon's more letter'd, though the brand
Both superscribes his shoulder and his hand.
Some Welchman was his Godfather, for he
Weares in his name his Genealogy. (way,
The Banes are ask'd, would but the time give
Betwixt *Smectymnuus* and *Et Cætera*.
The Guests invited by a friendly summons,
Should be the Convocation and the Commons
The Priest to ty the Foxes tayles together,
Mosely, or *Sanctæ Claræ*, chuse you whether.
See, what an off-spring every one expects!
What strange pluralities of men and sects?
One sayes hee'l get a Vestery, another
Is for a Synod: Bet upon the mother: (stickle,
Faith! cry St. *George*, let them go to't and
Whether a Conclave or a Convinticle.
Thus might religions catterwaul, and spight
Which uses to divorce, might once unite.
But their crosse fortunes interdict their trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride displaid.
My task is done, all my hee-Goats are milkt?
So many cards i'th' stock, and yet be bilkt?

I could by letters now untwist the rabble,
Whip *Smec* from Constable to Constable.
But there I leave you to another dressing,
Only kneel down & take your fathers blessing;
May the *Queen Mother* justifie your fears,
And stretch her Patents to your leather ears.

The mixt Assembly.

Flea-bitten Synod! an Assembly brew'd
Of Clerks and Elders, *ana*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbytery, where Lay-men guide
With the tame wool-pack Clergy by their side.
Whouskt the Banes twixt these discolor'd mates,
A strange Grotesco this, the Church and States
Most divine tick-tack in a pie-bald crew,
To serve as table-men of divers hue.
She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* heir
By picture, when the Parents both were fair,
At sight of you had born a dappled Son,
You checquering her imagination.
Had *Jacobs* flock but seen you sit, the dams
Had brought forth speckled and ring-streaked lambs.
Like an Impropriators Motley kind,
Whose Scarlet coat is with a Cassock lin'd.
Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed,
Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.
Like *Royston* crowes, who are (as I may say)
Friers of both the Orders, *Black* and *Grey*.

So

So mixt they are, one knows not whether's
A Layre of *Burgesse* or a Layre of *Vicar*. (thicker
Have they usurp'd what Royall *Juda* had?
And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad*?
The Scepter and the Crosier are the crutches,
Which if not crusted in their pious clutches,
Will fail the Cripple state. And wer't not pity
But both should serve the yardwand of the City,
That *Isaac* might stroak his beard, and sit
Judge of *Alsatia* and *Elegerit*. (drawn
Oh that they were in chalk and charcoal
The Miscelany satyr, and the fawn,
And all the Adulteries of twisted nature,
But faintly represent this ridling feature,
Whose members being not tallies, they'l not own
Their fellowes at their Resurrection. (story
Strange scarlet Doctours these, they'l passe in
For sinners half refin'd in Purgatory,
Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where there joyntly rules
The fading sables, and the coming gules,
The flea that *Falstaff* damn'd, thus lewdly shows
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Nose:
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,
This shoulder *John-a-stile*, that *John-a-nokes*.
Like Jews and Christians in a ship together,
With an old neck-verse to distinguish either;
Like their intended Discipline to boot,
Or whatsoe're hath neither head nor foot:
Such may their stript-stuff hangings seem to be
Sacriledg matcht with Codpiece symony:

Be

Be sick and dream a little, you may then
Phansie these Linsie-Woolsie Vestrymen.
Forbear good *Pembrook*, be not over-daring
Such company may chance to spoil thy swaring
And these Drum-Major oaths of bulk unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.
He that the Noble *Peircies* blood inherits,
Will he strike up a *Hot-spur* of the spirits?
Hee'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,
With his uncircumcised *Algernon*:
A name so stubborn, 'tis not to be scan'd
By him in *Gath* with the six finger'd hand.
See! they obey the Magick of my words:
Presto, they'r gone, and now the house of Lords
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hag
But with three teeth like to a triple gag.
A Jig, a Jig, and in this antick dance
Feilding & doxy *Marshall* first advance, (brace
Twisse blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving
Puts on the traces and treades cinque-a-pace.
Then *Say* & *Seal* must his old hamstrings supple
And he and rumpled *Palmer* makes a couple.
Palmer's a fruitfull girle, if hee'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about her shoulder
Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,
Must be content to saddle Doctor *Burges*:
If *Burges* get a clap 'tis neere the worse,
But the fifth time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowls is coy, good sadnesse cannot dance,
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here

Here *Wharton* wheels about, till *Mumping Liddy*,
Like the full Moon hath made his Lordship gidy.
Pym and the *Members* muſt their giblers levy,
T' incounter *Madam Smec* that ſingle Bevy.
If they two truck together, 'twill not be
A Child-birth, but a Gaol-delivery.
Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himſelf;
And well may be, there's more Divines in him
Than in all this their Jewiſh *Sanhedrim*:
Whoſe Cannons in the Forge ſhal then bear date
When Mules their Coſin Germans generate.
Thus *Moſes* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Aſſe go yok'd in the ſame plough.
Reſign thy Coach-box *Twiſs*, *Brook*'s Preacher, he
Would ſort the beaſts with more conformity.
Water and earth make but one Globe, a Round-head
Is Clergy-lay, *Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings diſguiſe.

AND why a Tenant to this vile diſguiſe, eyes?
Wch who but ſee, blaſphems thee with his
My twins of light within their penthouſe ſhrink,
And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.
Oh! for a ſtate-diſtinction to arraign
Charles of high Treaſon 'gainſt my Soveraign.
What an uſurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloyſter and ſhave him, he himſelf hath don't;

His muffled feature ſpeaks him a recluſe,
His ruines prove him a Religious houſe.
The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
And Majeſty defac'd the Royal ſtamp.
It's not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall,
But thou'lt tranſmute it in thy ſhape and all?
As if thy blacks were of too faint a die,
Without the tincture of Tautology.
Flay an Ægyptian for his Caſſock skin,
Spun of his Countries darkneſſe, line't within
With Presbyterian budge, that drowſie trance,
The Synod ſable, foggy ignorance:
Nor bodily, nor ghoſtly Negro could
Rough-caſt thy figure in a ſadder mould:
This Privy-Chamber of thy ſhape would be
But the Cloſe mourner of thy Royalty:
'Twill break the circle of thy Jaylors ſpell,
A Pearl within a rugged Oyſters ſhell.
Heaven, which the Miniſter of thy Perſon owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations:
Like to the martyr'd Abbeys courſer doom,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon-room:
Or like the Colledge by the changeling rabble,
Manchesters Elves, transform'd into a ſtable.
Or if there be a prophanation higher,
Such is the Sacriledge of thine attire,
By which th'art half depos'd: thou lookſt like one
Whoſe looks are under ſequeſtration
Whoſe Renegado form, at the firſt glance
Shews like the ſelf-denying Ordinance.

Angel

Angel of light, and darkneſſe too, I doubt,
Inſpir'd within, and yet poſſeſs'd without:
Majeſtick twi-light, in the ſtate of grace,
Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charles & his Mask are of a different Mint,
A Pſalm of mercy in a miſcreant print.
The Sun wears mid-night, day is beetle-brow'd,
And lightning is in Kelder of a cloud.
Oh the accurſt Stenography of fate!
The Princely Eagle ſhrunk into a Bat.
What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
That ſhrinks his rayes to this Apoſtaſie?
'Tis but ſubtile ſilm of tiffany air,
No cob-web wizard, ſuch as Ladies wear,
When they are veil'd on purpoſe to be ſeen,
Doubling their luſtre by their vanquiſh'd skreen;
Nor a falſe ſcabbard of a Princes tough
Metal, & three pil'd darkneſſe, like the ſlough
Of an impriſon'd flame: 'tis *Faux* in grain,
Dark-Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick-caſtle* Vote
Rang *Britains* Corſeu, ſo our light went out.
Thy viſage is not legible, the letters,
Like a Lords name writ in phantaſtick fetters.
Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick,
Sure they would fit the body Politick.
Falſe beard enough to fit a ſtages plot,
For that's the ambuſh of their wit, God wot.
Nay all his properties ſo ſtrange appear,
Y'are not th' preſence, though the King be there.

A Libel is his dresse, a garb uncouth,
Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
Scribling assassinate, thy lines attest
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant beast,
Whose wrath before 'tis syllabled for worse,
Is blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow curse.
The Laplanders, when they would sell a wind
Wafting to hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind
It to the barque, which at the voyage end
Shifts Poop, & breeds the Collick in the fiend.
But I'le not dub thee with a glorious scar,
Nor sink thy skullar with a man of War.
The blackemouth'd *Si-quis*, and this slandering
Both do alike in picture execute. (suit.
But since we're all call'd Papists, why not date
Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?
As temples use to have their Porches wrought,
With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzling Pourtraictures, to shew that there
Riddles inhabited; the like is here.
But pardon Sir, since I presume to be
Clerk of this Closet to your Majesty;
Me thinks in this your dark mysterious dresse
I see the Gospel coucht in parables.
At my next view my pur-blind fancy ripes,
And shewes Religion in it's dusky types.
Such a Text-Royall, so obscure a shade,
Was *Solomon* in Proverbs all array'd.
Come all the brats of this expounding age,
To whom the spirit is in pupillage;

You

You that damn more then ever *Sampson* flew,
And with his engine the same jaw-bone too:
How is't he scapes your Inquisition free,
Since bound up in the Bibles livery?
Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,
You that dim Jewels with your Bristol-sence:
And Characters, like Witches so torment,
Till they confesse a guilt, though innocent.
Keyes for this Coffer you can never get,
None but St. *Peter* ope's this Cabinet.
This Cabinet, whose aspect would benight
Critick spectators with redundant light.
A Prince most seen, is least: What Scriptures call
The Revelation, is most mystical.
Mount then thou Shadow-royal, & with hast
Advance thy morning-Star, *Charles* overcast.
May thy strange journey contradictions twist,
And force faire weather from a Scottish mist;
Heavens Confessor's are pos'd, those star-ey'd (sages
To interpret Eclipse, thus riding stages.
Thus *Israel*-like, he travels with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him and a shroud.
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
A league with mouldy bread, & clouted shooes.

The Rebell SCOT.

HOw! Providence! & yet a Scottish crew!
Then Madam nature wears black patches
too?

What shall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a Country Quire
Shall quench my rage. A poet should be fear'd
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease
To see his Countrey, sick of *Pim*'s disease,
By Scotch invasion to be made a prey
To such *Pig-wiggin Mirmydons* as they? (quote
But that there's charm in verse, I would not
The name of *Scot* without an antidote,
Unless my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be poison too.
Were I a drowsie Judge, whose dismal note
Disgorgeth halters, as a Juglers throat
Doth Ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rick's tone)
Speak Pills in phrase, and quack destruction:
Or roar like *Marshall* that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and damnation a Pulpit full:
Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize,
Not al those mouth-Granadoes can suffice
Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
I must (like *Hocas*) swallow daggers first.
Come keen *Iambicks* with your *B*adgers feet,
And *B*adger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.
Help ye tart Satyrists to imp my rage,
With al the Scorpions that should whip this age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen,
Scratch til the blood come, they'l not hurt you
then.

Now

Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
The ſhapes of beaſts, like hypocrites at ſtake,
I'le bait my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your eyes;
A *Scot* within a beaſt is no diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſs Nation
Foſters no Venom, ſince the *Scots* Plantation:
Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have ſhown
(Within the grate of his own breſt alone)
The Leopard and the Panther, and ingroſt
What all thoſe wilde Collegiats had coſt
The honeſt high-ſhoes, in their termly fees,
Firſt to the ſalvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelf doth Scotch-men beaſts confeſs,
Making their Countrey ſuch a wilderneſſe:
A Land that brings in queſtion and ſuſpence
Godsomni-preſence, but that *Charls* come thence
But that *Montroſe* and *Crawfords* loyal band
Atton'd their ſins, & chriſt'ned half the Land;
Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe ſpots;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:
As in a Picture where the ſquinting paint
Shews fiend on this ſide, and on that ſide Saint.
He that ſaw Hell in's melancholy dream,
And in the twiſlight of his fancy's theam
Scar'd from his ſins repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proſelyte.
A Land, where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer baniſhment!

Had *Cain* bin *Scot*, *God* would have chang'd his doom,
Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like Jews they spread, and as infection fly,
As if the Devil had ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and defie
This or that place; Rags of Geography.
They 'r Citizens o'th' world; they 'r all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
And yet they ramble not to learn the mode
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad:
To return knowing in the *Spaniſh* ſhrug,
Or which of the Dutch States a double jug
Reſembles moſt, in belly, or in beard;
(The Card by which the Mariners are ſteer'd)
No; the *Scots-Errant* fight, & fight to eat; (*meat*;
Their *Oſtrich ſtomachs* make their *ſwords* their
Nature with *Scots*, as Tooth drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to hang their teeth upon their belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choiſe;
The Serpent's fatall ſtill to *Paradiſe*.
Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and theſe
On the North poſture of the patient ſeize,
Like Leeches: thus they Phyſically thirſt
After our blood, but in the cure ſhall burſt.
Let them not think to make us run o'th ſcore,
To purchaſe villanage as once before,
When an Act paſs'd to ſtroak them on the hea',
Cal them good Subjects, buy them Gingerbread
Nor Gold, nor Acts of grace, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim

Rebels

Rebels by yielding, doth like him, (or worse,)
Who sadled his own back, to shame his horse.
Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
Thus to lard *Israel* with *Egypt* spoil?
They are the Gospels Life-guard: but for them
The Garrison of new *Jerusalem*! (cause,
What would the Brethren do? the cause! the
Sack posset and the fundamental Laws?
Lord! what a goodly thing is want of shirts?
How a Scotch stomack, and no meat converts!
They wanted food, and rayment; so they took
Religion for their Seamstresse, and their Cook.
Unmask them well; their honours and estate,
As well as conscience are sophisticate.
Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
A Laird & twenty pounds, pronounc'd with noise
When construd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good sobe two-pence, and well so.
Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gon,
You Picts in Gentry and devotion;
You scandal to the stock of Verse, a race
Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.
The Indian, that Heaven, did forswear,
Because he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,
He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between:
My Muse hath done. A voider for the nonce;
I wrong the Devil should I pick their bones;

That

That dish is his; for when the *Scots* decease,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Soland-Goose.

The Scots Apostasie.

IS't come to this? what shal the cheeks of fame
Stretch't with the breath of learned *Lowdons* name,
Be flag'd again? and that great piece of sense,
As rich in Loyalty and Eloquence,
Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?
Like Chymists tinctures, prov'd adulterate;
The devil sure, such language did atchieve,
To cheat our un-forwarned Grandam *Eve*,
As this impostour found out, to besot
Th' experienc'd *English* to believe a *Scot*.
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtful sence,
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
Or did you doubt persistance in one good
Would spoil the fabrick of your brotherhood,
Projected first in such a forge of sinne,
Was fit for the grand devils hammering?
Or was't ambition that this damned fact
Should tell the world you know the sins you act?
The infamy this super-treason brings,
Blasts more than murders of your *sixty Kings*;
A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,
Those hold with these no competition.

Kings

Kings only suffer'd then; in this doth lie
Th' Assassination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this sin no one step can be trod,
If not t' attempt deposing of your God.
Oh were you so engag'd, that we might see
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee,
Til you were shrivel'd to dust, & your cold Land
Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* sand!
But 'tis reserv'd till heaven plague you worse:
Be objects of an Epidemick curse.
First, may your brethren, to whose viler ends
Your power hath bawded, cease to be your friends;
And prompted by the dictate of their reason,
Reproach the *Traytors* though they hug the *Treason*;
And may their jealousies increase & breed,
Till they confine your steps beyond the *Tweed*.
In forrain Nations may your loath'd name be
A stigmatizing brand of infamy;
Till forc'd by general hate, you cease to rome
The world, and for a plague to live at home:
Till you resume your poverty, and be
Reduc'd to beg where none can be so free
To grant; and may your scabby Land be all
Translated to a general Hospital.
Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
To give you comfort of a Summers day;
But, as a guerdon for your traiterous war,
Live cherish'd only by the Northern star.
No stranger deign to visit your rude coast,
And be, to all but banisht men, as lost. And

And such in heightning of the infliction due,
Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.
Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
But power, your lives and liberties may aw.
No Subject mongst you keep a quiet breft, (beſt;
But each man ſtrive through blood to be the
Till, for thoſe miſeries on us you've brought,
By your own ſword our juſt revenge be wrought.
To ſum up all——let your Religion be,
As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocriſie:
Until, when *Charls* ſhall be compos'd in duſt,
Perfum'd with Epithetes of *good* and *juſt*;
He ſav'd, incenſed heaven may have forgot
T'afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*;
Unleſſe that *Scot* deny himſelf, and do
(What's eaſier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertiſmns.

O That I could but vote my ſelf a Poet!
Or had the Legiſlative knack to do it!
Or like the Doctors militant, could get
Dub'd at adventures Verſes *Banneret*!
Or had I *Cacus* trick, to make my rimes
Their own Antipodes and track the times.
Faces about, ſayes the *Remonſtrant* ſpirit,
Allegiance is *Malignant*, Treaſon merit:
Huntington colt, that pos'd the ſage Recorder,
Might be a ſturgeon now, and paſſe by Order.

Had

Had I but *Elfings* gift (that splay-mouth'd brother)
That declares one way, & yet means another;
Could I but write asquint; then (Sir) long since
You had been sung, *A great and glorious Prince*.
I had observ'd the language of the dayes,
Blasphem'd you, and then perywig'd the phrase
With humble service, and such other Fustian,
Bells which rung backward in this great combustion.
I had revil'd you, & without offence
The Literall and *Equitable Sence* (do't:
Would make it good: when all fails that will
Sure that distinction cleft the devils foot.
This were my dialect, would your Highnesse
To read me but with Hebrew spectacles, (please
Interpret Counter, what is crosse rehears'd:
Libels are commendation when revers'd:
Just as an Optique glasse contracts the light
At one end, but when turn'd, doth multiply't.
But you're inchanted, Sir, your'e doubly free
From the great guns and squibbing Poetry:
Whom neither *Bilbo*, nor invention pierces,
Proof even 'gainst th' artillery of Verses. (Mail:
Strange! that the Muses cannot wound your
If not their art, yet let their sex prevail.
As that known Leaguer where the bonny *Beggs*
Suppli'd the bowstrings with their twisted tresses,
Your spels could here have fenced you, ev'ry arrow
Had lanced your noble breast & drunk the marrow;
For beauty like white powder makes no noise;
And yet the silent hypocrite destroyes,

Then use the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
Lest *Wharton* tell his Gossips of the City,
That you kill women too; nay maids, and such
Their *General* wants *Militia* to touch.
Impotent *Essex*, is it not a shame,
Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkish Dame*,
Should have an *Eunuch* Guardian? may she be
Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather than sav'd by thee.
But why, my Muse, like a green-sickness Girl,
Feed'st thou on coals and dirt? a gelding Earl
Gives no more relish to thy female palat,
Than to that Ass did once the thistle-sallat.
Then quit the barren theme, & all at once
Thou and thy sisters, like bright *Amazons*,
Give *Rupert* an alarum. *Rupert!* one
Whose name is wits Supertætation:
Makes fancy, like eternities round womb,
Unite all valour, present, past to come.
He, who the old Philosophy controuls,
That voted down plurality of souls:
He breaths a grand Committee; all that were
The wonders of their age, constellate here.
And as the elder sister, growth and sence
(Souls paramount themselves) in man com-
But faculty of reasons Queen, no more (mence
Are they to him, who were compleat before,
Ingredients of his vertue. Thread the beads
Of *Cæsars* acts, great *Pompeys*, and the *Sweeds*,
And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand,
By which that vast Triumvirat is spand.

Here,

Here, here is Palmistry; here you may read (bleed.
How long the world shall live, and when't shall
What ever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath;
For nature rais'd him of the *Publick Faith*,
Pandora's brother, to make up whose store,
The gods were fain to run upon the score.
Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face,
Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.
Let *Isaac* and his Citts flay off the plate
That tips their Antlers for the calf of State;
Let the zeal-twanging nose that wants a ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge,
Yes, and the gossip-spoon augment the sum,
Although poor *Caleb* lose his Christendome:
Rupert out-weighs that in his sterling self,
Which their self want paies in commuting pelf.
Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew (you,
Gains, when made bankrupt in the scales with
As he who in his Character of light
Stil'd it *Gods shaddow*, made it far more bright
By an Eclipse so glorious: light is dim,
And a black nothing when compar'd to him.
So 'tis illustrious to be *Ruperts* foile,
And a just trophee to be made his spoil.
I'le pin my faith on the *Diurnals* sleeve
Hereafter, & the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe (hears
The Conquests which the Common-Councel
With their wide list'ning mouth from the great
That ran away in triumph: such a foe (Peers
Can make them victors in their overthrow.

Where

Where providence and valour meet in one,
Courage so poiz'd with circumspection,
That he revives the quarrel once again
Of the souls throne, whether in heart or brain:
And leaves it a drawn match: whose fervor can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
His trumpet like the Angels at the last,
Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast.
(T'was the mount *Athos* carv'd in shape of man.
As 'twas design'd by th' *Macedonian*)
Whose right hand should a populous Land contain:
The left should be a chanel to the Main:
His spirit might informe th' amphibious figure,
Yet strait-lac'd swears for a Dominion bigger:
The terror of whose name can out of heaven
(Like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven.
Thus some grow rich by breaking: Vipers thus
By being slain, are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confesse no losse of men,
For *Rubert* knocks 'em, till they gig again.
They fear the giblets of his train, they fear
Even his Dog that four leg'd *Cavalier*: (makes,
He that devoures the scraps which *Lunsford*
Whose picture feeds upon a child in stakes:
Who, none but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*;
'Gainst whom th'ave several Articles in souse,
First that he barkes against the sence oth' House,
Resolv'd Delinquent; to the Tower straight,
Either to th' Lions or the Bishops Grate:

Next

Next for his ceremonious wag o'th' tail,
But there the sister-hood will be his bail,
At least the Countesse will, *Lust's Amsterdam*,
That lets in all religions of the game.
Thirdly, he smells intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too, than *Pim's* from his own letter,
VVho's doubly paid (fortune, or we the blinder)
For making plots, and then for Fox the finder;
Lastly, he is a Devil without doubt;
For when he would lie down, he wheels about,
Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
And therefore score up one for conjuring.
What canst thou say, thou wretch? O Quarter,
I'm but an instrument, a mere S. *Arthur* (quarter
If I must hang, O let not our fates vary,
VVhose office 'tis alike to fetch and carry.
No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous stir
That strung the Jesuit, will dispatch a cur.
VVere I a Devil, as the Rebel fears,
I see the house would try me by my Peers.
There *Jowler*, there! ah *Jowler*! 'st 'tis nought,
VVhat ere the accusers cry, thy'r at a fault;
And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to say,
Than when the glorious *Strafford* stood at Bay.
Thus Labels but annext to him we see,
Enjoy a coppyhold of victory.
S. *Peters* shaddow heal'd; *Rupert* is such, (much:
'Twould find S. *Peters* work, yet wound as
He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,
The Cannons do but lisp and complement.

Sure *Jove* descended in a leaden shower
To get his *Perseus*; hence the fatall power
Of shot is strangled: bullets thus all'id,
Fear to commit an Act of Parricide.
Go on brave Prince, & make the world confesse
Thou art the greater world, and that the lesse;
Scatter th'accumulative King, untrusse
That five-fold fiend, the States *Smectymnuus*;
Who place Religion in their Vellam ears,
As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradise (and a modest word)
Since guarded by a Cherubs flaming sword.
Your name can scare an Atheist to his prayers;
And cure the Chin-cough better then the Bears
Old *Sibyl* charms the Tooth-ach with *your Nurse*
Makes you still children; & the pond'rous curse
The clowns salute with, is deriv'd from you.
(*Now* Rupert *take thee, Rogue, how dost thou do?*)
In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders so,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaph on the Earl of STRAFFORD.

HEre lies wise and valiant dust,
Huddled up 'twixt fire and juster
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt treason and convenience.

He ſpent his time here in a miſt,
A *Papiſt*, yet a *Calviniſt*;
His Prince's neareſt joy and Griefe
He had, yet wanted, all relief:
The Prop and Ruine of the State,
The peoples violent love and hate,
One in extreams lov'd and abhor'd;
Riddles lie here, and in a word,
Here lies blood, and let it lie
Speechleſſe ſtill, and never cry.

Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comitis *Straffordii*, &c.

Exurge Cinis, tuúmque, ſolos qui potis es, ſcribe Epitaphium.
Nequit Wentworthi *non eſſe facundus vel Cinis.*
Effare Marmor: & quem cæpiſti comprehendere,
Malle & Exprimere.
Candidius meretur urna, quàm quod vulnis
Notatum eſt literis, Elogium.
Atlas *Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet laſſus:*
Secunda Orbis Britannici *intelligentia:*
Rex Politiæ, & Prorex Hiberniæ;
Straffordii, & *Virtutum Comes:*
Mens Jovis, Mercurii *ingenium, & lingua* Apollinis;
Cui Anglia Hiberniam *debuit, ſeipſam* Hibernia:
Sydus Aquilonicum, quo ſub tubicinâ veſpera occidente,
Nox ſimul, & dies viſa eſt dextroque oculo flevit,
Lævoque lætata eſt Anglia.
Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena calamitoſa Virtutis,
Aſtorthus, morbo, morte, & invidia,
Quæ ternis animoſa Regnis, non vicit tamen,
Sed oppreſſit.

Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Belluæ (vel sic) multorum Capitum:
Merces furoris Scotici, præter pecunias.
Erubuit ut tetigit securis,
Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.
Monstrum navo; fuit tam infensus Legibus,
ut prius Legem quàm nata foret, violavit:
Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex;
Verum necessitas, non habens Legem.
Abi viator, cætera memorabunt posteri.

On the Arch-Bishop of CANTERBURY.

I Need no Muse to give my passion vent,
He brewes his tears that studies to lament.
Verse chymically weeps; that pious rain
Distill'd with art, is but the sweat o'th' brain.
Who ever sob'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd out by soft division?
'Tis true, for common formal Elegies,
Not *Bushels* Wells can match a Poets eyes.
In wanton water-works hee'l tune his tears
From a *Geneva* Jig up to the sphears.
But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is publick, we may call
It *Britains* Vespers, *Englands* Funerall.
Who hath a Pencil to expresse the Saint,
But he hath eyes too, washing off the paint?

There

There is no learning but what tears surround,
Like to *Seths* Pillars in the deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
From much of late, that she's increas'd to none:
Like an Hydropick body full of Rheumes,
First swells into a bubble, then consumes.
The Law is dead, or cast into a trance,
And by a Law-dough-bak'd, an Ordinance.
The *Liturgy*, whose doom was voted next,
Dy'd as a Comment upon him the Text.
Ther's nothing lives: life is, since he is gone,
But a Nocturnal Lucubration.
Thus have you seen deaths Inventory read,
In the sum totall---*Canterburie's dead.*
A sight would make a Pagan to baptize
Himself a Convert in his bleeding eyes;
Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beast of ours
(That which *Hyena* like weeps and devours)
Tears that flow brackish from their sonls within,
Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.
Mean time no squalid grief his look defiles,
He guilds his sadder fate with noble smiles:
Thus the worlds eye with reconciled streams
Shines in his showers as if he wept his beams.
How could successe such villanies applaud?
The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*;
The twins of publick rage adjudg'd to die,
For Treasons they should act by Prophecy,
The facts were done before the Laws were made
The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid;

Be dull, great Spirits, and forbear to climb,
For worth is sin, and eminence a crime.
No Church-man can be innocent and high,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* steeple stand awry.

On J. W. A. B. of *York*.

SAy, my young Sophister, what think'st of this?
Chimera's reall, *Ergo fallleris*.
The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree,
And here concorporate in one Prodigie.
Call an *Haruspex* quickly: let him get
Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrell wet
To purifie the place, for sure the harms
This Monster wil produce, transcend his charms
'Tis Natures Master-piece of error, this;
And redeems whatever she did amisse
Before, from wonder and reproach; this last
Legitimateth all her by-blows past.
Loe here a general Metropolitan,
An arch-Prelatique Presbyterian;
Behold his pious garb, Canonick face,
A zealous *Episco-Mastix* Grace; (brother,
A fair blew-Aprond Priest, a Lawn-sleev'd
One leg a Pulpit holds, a tub the other.
Lets give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th' Apostate once more Christian.
Proteus we cannot call him; he put on
His change of shapes by a succession;

Nor

Nor the *Welsh Weather-cock*, for that we find,
At once doth only wait upon the wind:
These speak him not, but if you'l name him right,
Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite*.
His head i'th sanctified mould is cast,
Yet sticks th'abominable Miter fast;
He still retains the *Lordship* and the *Grace*,
And yet hath got a reverend Elders place.
Such acts must needs be his, who did devise
By crying alters down to sacrifice
To private malice; where you might have seen
His conscience holocausted to his spleen.
Unhappy Church! the Viper that did share
Thy greatest honours, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignities and store;
Alas! thine own son proves the forrest bore:
And like the Dam-destroying Guccow he,
When the thick shell of his Welch pedigree,
By thy warm fost'ring bounty did divide;
And open, straight thence sprung forth parricid
As if 'twas just revenge should be dispatcht
In thee, by th'Monster wch thy self hadst hatcht.
Dispair not though, in *Wales* there may be got,
As well as *Lincolnshire* an antidote,
'Gainst the foul'st venome he can spit, though's head
Were chang'd from subtle grayto poys'nous reed
Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
Our party, now the curs'ed thing is gon;
And chastise Rebels, who nought else did misse
To fill the measure of their sins, but his;

Whose foul unparallel'd apostasie,
Like to his sacred character shall be
Indelible; when ages then of late
More happy grown with most impartial fate,
A period to his dayes and time shall give,
He by such Epitaphs as this shall live:

Here Yorks great Metropolitan is laid,
Who Gods Anointed and his Church betrayd.

Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,
And the wild forrester couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in the evening whispers,
Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd:
Where she before had sent
My wishes complement,
Unto my hearts content,
Plaid with me on the Green;
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair ÆgyptianQueen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire:

Next

Next on her warmer lips, which when I tasted,
My duller spirits made active as fire;
Then we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrowes that knew no smart:
Sweet lips and smiles between,
Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glasse to place her amber tresses,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
Gawdier than *Juno* weares when as the graces
Jove with embraces more stately than warm.
Then did she peepe in mine
Eyes humour chrystalline;
I in her eyes was seen,
As if we one had been,
Never Mark, &c.

Mysticall Grammer of amorous glances,
Feeling of Pulses the Physick of Love,
Rhetorical courtings, and Musical dances,
Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove,
Eyes like Astronomy,
Streight limb'd Geometry:
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are sharpe and keen.
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair ÆgyptianQueen.

The

The Authours Mock-Song to Mark Anthony.

WHen as the *Night-raven* sung *Pluto's Mattins*:
And *Cerberus* cried three Amens at an howl:
When night-wandring Witches put on their pat tins,
Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul:
Then did the furies doom
That the Night-mare was come;
Such a mis-shapen Groom
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch such a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypsie Queen.

First on her Goosberry cheeks I mine eys blasted,
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire;
Unto her blewer lips, which when I tasted,
My spirits were duller than Dun in the mire.
But then her breath took place,
Which went an Ushers pace,
And made way for her face;
You may guesse what I mean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch such a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypsie Queen.

Like Snakes ingendring were platted her tresses;
Or like slimy streaks of ropy ale; Ug-

Ugler then Envy wears, when she confesses
Her head is Periwig'd with adders tail,
But as soon as she spake,
I heard a harsh Mandrake;
Laugh not at my mistake,
Her head is Epicene.
Never did, &c.

Mysticall Magick of conjuring wrinckles,
Feeling of pulses, the Palmistry of Hags,
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick*, twinckles
With three teeth in her head like to three gags:
Rainbows about her eyes,
And her nose weatherwise:
Frō them th'Almanack lys
Frost, *Pond* & *Rivers* clean.
Never did, &c.

How the COMMENCEMENT grows new.

IT is no *Curranto*-news I undertake,
New teacher of the Town, I mean not to make:
No *New-England* voyage my Muse does intend,
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bony fleet send:
But if you'l be pleas'd to hear but this ditty,
I'le tell you some news as true and as witty;
And how the Commencement grows new.

See

See how the Symony Doctors abound,
All crouding to throw away fourty pound:
They'l now in their wives flammell Petticoats (vapour
Without any need of an argument draper,
Beholding to none; he neither beseeches,
This friend for Ven'son, nor t'other for speeches,
And so the Commencement growes new.

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Easter book to chaffer,
Nay some take degrees who never had steeple;
Whose means like degrees, comes from places of (people
They come to the fairy and at the first pluck
The Toll-man *Barnaby* strikes 'um good luck.
And so, &c.

The Country Parsons they do not come up
On Tuesday night in their old Colledg to sup,
Their bellies and table-books equally full,
The next Lecture dinner their notes forth to pul:
How bravely the *Margaret* Professor disputed,
The Homilies urg'd and the school-men confu-
And so, &c. (ted!

The Receptor brings not his father, the clown,
To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown,
With like admiration to eat roasted beef,
Which invention pos'd his beyond Trent-belief
Who should he but hear our Organs once sound,
Could scarce keep his hoof from Salenger's round.
And so, &c.

The

The Gentleman comes not to shew us his latin,
To look with some judgment at him that speaks
latin,
To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths
To answer, O Lord Sir, & talk play-book oaths
And at the next Bear-baiting (full of his slack)
To tell his Comrades our discipline's slack,
And so, &c.

We have no Prevaricators wit,
Ay marry Sir, when have you had any yet?
Besides no serious Oxford man comes,
To cry down the use of Jesting and Humes.
Our ballad, believe it, is no stranger than true,
Mun Salter is sober, and *Jack Martin* too,
And so the Commencement grows new.

The Hue and Cry after Sir *John Presbyter.*

With hair in Characters, and Lugs in text;
With a splay mouth & a nose circumflext,
With a set ruffe or Musket-bore, that wears
Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileeres,
Exhausted of their sulphurous contents,
In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bombast vents,
The *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath,
Like two Mustachoes, issuing from his mouth;

The

The bush upon his chin (like a carv'd story,
In a box knot) cut by the *Directory*;
Madams Confession hanging at his ears, (*Where:*
Wire-drawn through all the questions, *How* &
Each circumstance so in the hearing felt, (gelt;
That when his ears are cropt hee'l count them
The weeping Gallook scar'd into a Jump,
A sign the *Presbyter*'s worn to the stump:
The *Presbyter* though charm'd against mischance
With the *Divine right* of an *Ordinance*.

If you meet any that doe thus attire 'em,
Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.

What zealous frenzie did the *Senate* seize,
To tare the *Kotchet* to such rags as these?
Episcopacy minc'd, reforming *Tweed*
Hath sent us *Kents*, even of her Churches breed;
Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device (*Lice*-
That's nick name to the stuff call'd *Lops* and
The beast at wrong end branded, you may trace
The devils foot-steps in his cloven face.
A face of severall patishes and sorts,
Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Inn's of Courts.
What mean these Elders else, those Kirk-Dra-
Made up of *Ears* & *Ruffs* like *Ducatoons*; (gons
That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun,
Those new *Exchange men* of *Religion*? (out
Sure they 'r the *Antick heads*, which plac'd with-
The Church, do gape and disembogue a spout:
Like them above the *Commons house* have been
So long without, now both are gotten in;

Then

Then, what imperious in the Bishop sounds,
The same the Scots Executor rebounds.
This stating Prelacy, the classick roar,
That spake it often, cries it, speak it out;
So by an Abbies Sceleton of late,
I heard an Eccho supernergate
Through imperfection, and the voice restore,
As if she had the hiccop o're and o're.
Since they our mixt Dioceses combine
Thus to ride double in their Discipline,
That Pauls shall to the Consistory call
A Dean and Chapter out of Weavers-Hall;
Each at the Ordinance for to assist
With the five thumbs of his groat-changing fist.
Down Dragon-Synod with thy motly ware,
Whilst we do swagger for the Common-Prayer,
That Dove-like Embasie, that wings our sence
To heavens gate in shape of innocence.
Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and defie
These Demicasters of Divinity.
For where Sir John with Jack-of-all trades joyns,
His finger's thicker than the Prelats Loyns.

The Antiplatonick.

FOr shame, thou everlasting Woer,
still saying grace, and never falling to her.
Love that's in contemplation plac't,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the wast.

Unless

Unlesse your flame confesse it's gender,
And your Parley cause surrender,
Y'are Salamanders of a cold desire,
That live untoucht amid the hottest fire.

What though she be a Dame of stone,
The Widow of *Pigmalion*,
As hard and as relenting thee
As the new-crusted *Niobe*,
Or what doth more of Stature carry,
A Nu..ne of the Platonick Quarry?
Love melts the rigour which the Rocks have
A Flint will break upon a Feather-bead bred.

For shame you pretty Female Elves,
Cease for to candy up your selves;
No more, you sectaries of the game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupids* Dart,
As a King hunting dubs a Hart:
Loves votaries in trail each others soul
Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Vertue's no more in Woman-kind
But the Green sickness of the minde.
Philosophy their new delight,
A kinde of Char-coal appetite:
There is no Sophistry prevails,
Where all convincing love assails;

But

But the disputing petticoat will wrap,
As skilfull gamsters are to seek at shape.

The souldier that man of Iron
Whom ribs of *Horror* all in viron,
That's strung with Wire, instead of Veins,
In whose imbraces you'r in chains,
Let a Magnetich girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupids* Curiasier.
Love storms his lips, and takes the Fortresse in,
For all the brissed Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
The breast-works of the firmest sex,
Come lets in affections riot,
Th'are sickly pleasures keep a Diet;
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not Eunuch't with formality:
Like an Embassadour that beds a Queen
With the nice Caution of a sword between.

An *Elegie* upon Dr. *Chaderton*, the first Master of *Emanuel* Colledge in *Cambridge*, being above an hundred years old when he died.

Occasioned by his long deferred FUNERAL.

PArdon (dear Saint) that we so late
With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate;
And with an after-shower of verse,
And tears, we thus bedew thy herse:
Till now (alas) we did not weep,
Because we thought thou didst but sleep:
Thou liv'dst so long, we did not know
Whether thou couldst now die or no:
We look'd still, when thou shouldst arise,
And o'pe the casements of thine eyes:
Thy feet, which have been us'd so long
To walk, we thought must still go on:
Thine ears after an hundred year,
Mighs now plead custome for to bear
Upon thy head that reverend snow
Did dwell some fifty years ago,
And then thy cheeks did seem to have
The sad resemblance of a grave.
Wert thou ere young! for truth I hold,
And do believe thou wert born old;
There's none alive I'me sure can say
They knew thee young, but alwayes gray:
And dost thou now, venerable Oak,
Decline at deaths unhappy stroke?

Tell

Tell me (dear Son) why didst thou die,
And leav's to write an Elegy?
We're young (alas) and know thee not,
Send up old *Abraham* and grave *Lot*,
Let them write thine Epitaph, and tell
The world thy worth, they kend thee well:
When they were boyes they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angel did them teach.
Awake them then, and let them come,
And score thy vertues on thy tomb,
That we at those may wonder more,
Than at thy many years before.

MARIES SPIKENARD.

SHall I presume
Without *Perfume*
My *Christ* to meet
That is *all sweet*?

No, I'le make most pleasant posies,
Catch the *breath of new blown Roses*;
Top the pretty merry flowers
Which *laugh* in the *fairest Bowers*,
Whose *sweetness* Heaven likes so wel,
It *stoops* each morn to take a smell.
Then I'le fetch from the *Phœnix* nest
The *richest Spices*, and the *best*,

Pretious Ointments I will make,
Holy Myrrh and *Mirre* take
Yea, *costly spicknard*, in whose smell
Sweetnesse of *all Odours* dwell.
I'le get a *box* to keep it in,
Pure as his *alablaster skin*,
And then to him I'le *humbly* fly
Before *one sickly minute* die:
This *box* I'le *break*, and on *his head*,
This precious Ointment will I spread,
Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry hair
For sweetnes with his breath compare:
But sure the odour of his skin
Smells sweeter than the spice I bring.
Then with bended knee I'le greet
His holy and beloved feet;
I'le wash them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips shall kiss them dry;
Or for a towell he shall have
My hair, such flax as nature gave.
But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy sacred feet takes hold,
And curl themselves about, as though
They were loth for to let thee go,
O chide them not, and bid away,
For then for grief they will grow gray.

CHRO.

CHRONOSTICON

Decollationis CAROLI Regis tricesimo die Januarii, secunda hora Pomeridiana, *Anno Dom.* MDCXLVIII.

Ter Deno IanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLIo SCeptroqVe SeCVre.

CHARLES--ah forbear, forbear! lest Mortals prize
His name too dearly, and Idolatrize.
His Name! Our Losse! Thrice cursed & forlorn
Be that Black Night which usher'd in this Morn.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign! ---hold! lest Out-law'd Sense
Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense
With those Celestial powers; and distrust
Heav'n can behold such Treason, & prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd! tremble! and
View what Convulsions shoulder-shake this Land,
Court, City, Country, nay three Kingdoms run
To their last stage, and Set with him their Sun.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd at His Gate!
Fell fiends! dire Hydra's of a stiff-neck'd-State!

Strange Body-politick! whose Members spread,
And, Monster-like, swell bigger then their HEAD.

CHARLES of Great Britan! He! who was the known
King of three Realms lies murther'd in his own
He! He! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,
Dy'd here to re-Baptize it in his blood.

No more, no more, Fam's Trump shal Ecchо all
The rest in dreadfull Thunder. Such a Fall
Great Christendome ne're pattern'd; and 'twas strange
Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismal Change

The blow struck Britain blind, each well-set Limb
By dislocation was lopt off in HIM,
And though she yet live's, she live's but to con-
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul. (dole

Religion put's on Black, sad *Loyalty*
Blushes and mourns to see bright Majesty
Butcher'd by such Assassinates; nay both
'Gainst *God*, 'gainst *Law*, *Allegiance*, and their *Oath*.

Farewell sad Isle! Farewell! thy fatal Glory
Is Sum'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Story.

AN

AN ELEGIE,

Upon King CHARLES *the First, murthered publickly by His Subjects.*

WEre not my *Faith* boy'd up by sacred blood,
It might be *drown'd* in this prodigious flood;
Which reasons highest ground doth so exceed,
It leaves my *soul* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed*:
Where my *Faith* resting on th' *Original*,
Supports it self in this the *Copies* fall:
So while my Faith floats on that *Bloody wood*,
My reason's cast away in this *Red flood*,
Which ne're o'reflows us all: Those showers past
Made but Land-floods, which did some vallies waste;
This stroke hath cut the only neck of land,
Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did stand,
That covers now our world, which cursed lies
At once with two of *Egypts* prodigies:
O're-cast with darkness, & with blood o're-run
And justly, since our hearts have theirs out done
Th'Inchanter led them to a less known ill,
To act his sin, then 'twas their *King to kill*:
Which crime hath widowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Forms, left but Privation
In *Church* and *State*, inverting ev'ry right;
Brought in Hells State of fire without light:
No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,
Washing their Loyal hearts from blood so theds,

The which deserves each pore should turn an
To weep out, even a bloudy *Agony*. (eye,
Let nought then pass for *Musick*, but sad cries,
For *beauty* bloudless cheeks, & bloud-shot eyes.
All colours soil but black, all odours have
Ill scent but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:
It notes a *Jew*, not to believe us much,
The cleaner made by a religious touch
Of their *Dead Body*, whom to judge to die,
Seems the Judaicall impiety.
To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints:
But the truth is, He fear'd and did repine,
To be cast out, and back into the Swine:
And the case holds, in that the Spirit bends
His malice in this Act, against his ends:
For it is like, the sooner hee'l be sent
Out of that body, he would still torment;
Let *Christians* then use otherwise this bloud,
Detest the Act, yet turn it to their good;
Thinking how like a *King of death* He dies;
We easily may the world and death despise:
Death had no sting for him, and its sharp arm,
Only of all the troop, meant him no harm.
And so he look'd upon the *Axe* as one
Weapon yet left, to guard Him to his Throne;
In His great Name then may His Subjects cry
Death thou art swallowed up in Victory.
If this our losse a comfort can admit,
'Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfit

For

For his enlarged Head, since his distresse
Had greatned this, as it made that the lesse;
His *Crown* was faln unto too low a thing
For him, who was become so great a *King*:
So the same hands enthron'd him in the *Crowne*
They had exalted from him, not pull'd down:
And thus Gods truth by them hath rendred more
Than ere mens falshood promis'd to restore,
Which, since by death alone he could attain,
Was yet exempt from weakness, & from pain;
Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part,
Might make his passage quick, not move his heart
Which ev'n expiring was so far from death,
It seem'd but to command away his breath.
And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
Broke, like a flash of lightning, through the cloud
Of flesh and blood; and from the highest line
Of humane vertues, pass'd to be divine:
Nor is't much lesse his vertues to relate,
Than the high glories of his present state;
Since both them passall Acts but of belief,
Silence may praise the one, the other grief.
And since, upon the Diamond, no lesse
Than Diamonds, will serve us to impresse,
He richly with that for his Elegie,
This onely, *Jesus* had a *Jeremie*.

AN ELEGIE.

On { *The best of Men* / *The meekest of Martyrs*, } CHARLES *the* I &c.

DOes not the Sun call in his light; and day
Like a thin exhalation melt away?
Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds to be
Themselves close mourners at the Obsequie
Of this great Monarch? does his Royall Blood,
Which th'Earth late drunk in so profuse a flood
Not shoot through her affrightned womb, and make
All her convulsed Arteries to shake,
So long, till all those hinges that sustain,
Like Nerves, the frame of nature, shrink again
Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
Not suck it from its liquid Mansion,
And Still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may
Themselves in bearded Meteors display,
Whose shaggy and disheveld beames may be
The tapers at this black solemnitie?
You Seed of Marble in the Womb accurst,
Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigress nurst,
Fed by some Plague, which in blind mists was hurld
To strew infection on the tainted World
What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,
Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed
And Rocks by instinct for resent this Fact,
They'ld into Springs of ea[illegible]res be slack'd.

Say

Say sons of tumults, since you think it good
Still to keep up the Trade, and Bath in Blood
Your guilty hands, why did you then not stare
Your slaughters at some cheap & common rate?
Your gluttonous and lavish Blades might have
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
And lop'd off thousands of some base allay,
Whilst the same Sexton that inter'd their clay,
In the same Urn their names too might intomb:
But when on him you fixt your fatall Doom,
You gave a blow to Nature, since even all
The stock of man now bleeds too in his fall.
Could not Religion which you oft have made
A specious gloss your black designs to shade,
Teach you, that we come nearest Heaven when we
Are suppled into acts of Clemency?
And copie out the Deity agen,
When we distil our mercies upon men?
But why do I deplore this ruine? He
Onely shook off his frail Humanity;
And with such calmness fell, he seem'd to be
Even less unmov'd and unconcern'd than we;
And forc'd us from our Throws of Grief to say,
We onely died, he onely live'd that Day:
So that his Tomb is now his Throne become
T'invest him with the Crown of Martyrdome:
And death the shade of nature did not shrowd
His Soul in Mists, but its clear Beams uncloud,
That who a Star in our Meridian shone,
In Heaven might shine a Constellation.

Upon

Upon the Death of CHARLES the First.

GReat! Good! and Juſt! could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to ſuch a ſtrain,
As it ſhould Deluge once again.
But ſince thy loud-tongu'd bloud demands ſupplies,
More from *Briareus* hands, than *Argus* eyes,
I'le ſing thy Obſequies, with Trumpet ſounds.
And write thy *Epitaph* with *Bloud* and *Wounds*.

MONTROSE.

Written with the point of his Sword.

ADDITIONS.

The Publick Faith.

STand off my Masters : 'Tis your pence a piece,
Jasan, *Medea*, and the golden Fleece;
What side the line good Sir? *Tigris*, or *Po*?
Lybia? *Japan*? *Whisk*? or *Tradinktido*?
St. Kits? *St. Omer*? on *St. Margaret's* Bay?
Presto begon? or come aloft? whanway?
Doublets? or Knap? the Cog? low Dice? or high?
By all the hard names in the Letany,
Bell, book and candle, and the *Popes* great toe
I conjure thy account: Devil say no.
Nay since I must untruss, gallants look to't,
Keep your prodigious distance forty foot,
This is that *Beast of eyes* in th' *Revelations*,
The *Basilisk* has twisted up three Nations,
Ponteus, *Hixius doxius*, full of tricks,
The *Lottery* of the vulgar lunaticks,
The *Knapsack* of the State, the thing you wish,
Magog and *Gog* stew'd in a chaffendish.
A bag of spoons and whistles, wherein men
May whistle when they see their Plate agen.

Thus

Thus far his Infancy: His riper age
Requires a more myſterious folio page.
Now that time ſpeaks him perfect, and 'tis pity,
To dandle him longer in a cloſe Committee,
The elf dares peep abroad, the pretty fool
Can wag without a truckling ſtanding-ſtool;
Revenge his Mother's infamy and ſwear
Hee's the fair off-ſpring of one half-ſcore year:
The *Heir* of the Houſe and hopes, the cry
And wonder of the *People's* miſery.
'Tis true, while as a Puppie it could play
For Thimbles, any thing to paſs the day;
But now the Cub can count, arithmetize,
Clinck *Maſenello* with the *Duke* of *Guiſe*;
Sign for an *Iriſh purchaſe*, and traduce
The *Synod* from their Doctrine to their Uſe;
Give its Dam ſuck, and in a hidden way
Drink up arrears *a tergo mantica*:
An everlaſting Bale, *Hell* in Trunk-hoſe
Uncaſed, the Divel's *Don Quixot* in proſe.
The Beaſt and the falſe Prophet twin'd together,
The ſquint-eyed emblem of all ſorts of weather.
The refuſe of that Chaos of the earth,
Able to give the world a ſecond birth.
Affrick avaunt! Thy trifling monſters glance
But Sheep-eyed to this Penal Ignorance.

That

That all the prodigies brought forth before
Are but Dame Natures blush left on the score,
This stringe the Bakers dozen, christens all
The cross-leg'd hours of time since *Adam's* fall.
The publick faith? why 'tis a word of kin,
A Nephew that dares *Cozen* any sin
A term of Art, great *Behemoth's* younger Brother,
Old *Machiavel* and half a thousand other;
Which when subscrib'd writes *Legion*, names on Trust,
Abaddon, *Belzebub*, and *Incubus*,
All the *Vice-Royes* of darkness, every spell
And Fiend wrap'd in a short Trissyllable.
But I fore-stall the show. Enter and see,
Salute the Door, your *Exit* shall be free.
In brief 'tis call'd Religions ease, or loss,
For no one's suffered here to bear his cross.

A Lenten Letany.

Composed for a confiding Brother, for the benefit and edification of the faithfull Ones.

FRom villany dresst in the doublet of zeal,
From three Kingdomes ban'd in one Common weal,
From a gleek of *Lord Keepers* of one poor Seal
Libera nos, &c.

From

From a Chancery-writ, and a whip and a bell,
From a Justice of Peace that never could spell,
From Colonel *Pride* and the *Vicar of Hell*.
Libera nos, &c.

From Neat's feet without socks, and three-penny Pyes,
From a new sprung light that will put out ones eyes,
From Goldsmiths Hall, the Devil and Exeize
Libera nos, &c.

From two hours talk without one word of sense,
From liberty stil in the future tense,
From a Parliament long-waited conscience,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Coppid crown-Tenent prick'd up by a Brother,
From damnable members suck of the mother,
From ears like Oysters that grine at each other
Libera nos, &c.

From a Preacher in buff, and a quarter-staff-steeple,
From no unlimited soveraign power of the People,
From a Kingdome that crawls on its knees like a Creeple,
Libera nos, &c.

From

From a vinegar Priest on a Crab-tree stock,
From a foddering of prayer four hours by the Clock,
From a holy Sifter with a pitifull Smock,
Liberæ nos, &c.

From a hungerstarv'd Sequestrators maw,
From Revelations and Visions that never man saw,
From Religion without either Gospel or Law,
Liberæ nos, &c.

From the Nick and Froth of a penny pot-house,
From the Fidle & Cross, & a great Scotch Louse,
From Committees that chop up a man like a Mouse,
Libera nos, &c.

From broken shins and the blood of a Martyr,
From the titles of Lords and Knights of the Garter,
From the teeth of Mad-dogs and a Country-mans quarter,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Publique Faith, & an egge & butter,
From the Irish purchases and all their clutter,
From *Omega*'s nose, when he settles to sputter,
Libera nos &c.

From the zeal of old *Harry* lock'd up with a Whore,
From waiting with plaints at the Parliament doore,
From the death of a King without why or wherefore,
Libera nos, &c.

From the French diſeaſe and the Puritan fry,
From ſuch as nere ſwear but devoutly can lye,
From cutting of capers full three ſtories high,
Libera nos, &c.

From painted glaſs and Idolatrous cringes,
From a *Preſbyters* Oath that turns upon hinges,
From *Weſtminſter Jews* with Levitical fringes,
Libera nos, &c.

From all that is ſaid, & a thouſand times more,
From a Saint and his charity to the Poor,
From the plagues that are kept for a Rebell in ſtore,
Libera nos, &c.

The ſecond part.

THat if it pleaſe thee to aſſiſt
Our *Agitators* and their liſt,
And *Hemp* them with a gentle twiſt,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That

That it may please thee to suppress
Our actions are no good at those,
That gull the people through the nose,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee here to enter
And fix the rumbling of our center,
For we live all at peradventure,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to unite
The flesh and bones unto the spirit,
Else faith and literature good night,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee O that we
May each man know his pedigree,
And save that plague of Heraldry,
Quæsumus te &c.

That it may please thee in each shire,
Cities of refuge Lord to reare,
That failing Brethren may know where,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to abhor us,
Or any such dear favour for us
That thus have wrought thy peoples sorrows,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to embrace
Our days of thanks and fasting face,
For robbing of thy holy place.
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to adjourn
The day of judgment, least we burn,
For lo it is not for our turn,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to admit
A close Committee there to sit,
No devil to a humane wit,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to dispence
A little for convenience,
Or let us play upon the sense,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to embalm
The Saints in *Robin Wisdom's Psalm*,
And make them musicall and calm,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee since tis doubt
Satan cannot throw Satan out,
Unite us and the Highland rout,
Quæsumus te, &c.

A Hue and Cry after the Reformation:

WHen Temples lye like batter'd Quarres,
Rich in their ruin'd Sepulchers,
When Saints forsake their painted glass,
To meet their worship as they pass;

When

When Altars grow luxurious with the dye
Of humane blood,
Is this the flood
Of Christianity?
When Kings are cup-boarded like cheese,
Sights to be seen for pence a piece,
When diadems like brokers tire
Are custom'd reliques set to hire;
When Soveraignty and Scepters lose the ir
Stream'd into words & names
Carv'd out by swords,
Are these refining flames?
When subjects and Religion stir
Like Meteors in the Metaphor;
When zealous hinting and the yawn
Excize our *Miniver* and *Lawn*;
When blue digressions fill the troubled ayre,
And th' Pulpit's let
To every Sect
That will usurp the chair;
Call ye me this the night's farewell
When our noon day's as dark as Hell?
How can we less than term such lights
Eccleſiaſtick Heteroclites?
Bold ſons of *Adam* when in fire you crawl
Thus high to bee
Perch'd on the tree,
Remember but the fall.
Was it the glory of a King
To make him great by ſuffering?

Was there no way to build God's House
But rendring of it infamous?
If this be then the merry ghostly trade,
To work in gall,
Pray take it all
Good brother of the blade.
Call it no more the Reformation
According to the new translation:
Why will you wrack the common brain
With words of an unwonted strain,
As plunder? or a phrase in senses cleft?
When things more nigh
May well supply,
And call it down-right theft.
Here all the *School-men* and *Divines*
Consent, and swear the naked lines
Want no expounding or contest,
Or *Bellarmine* to break a jest.
Since then the Heroes of the pen with mee
Nere serue the sense
With difference,
We all agree agree.

A Committee.

CAst *Knaves* my *Masters*, fortune guide the chance,
No packing I beseech you, no by-glance
To mingle pairs, but fairly shake the bag,
Cheats in their spheres like subtile spirits wag.

Or

Or if you please, the Cards run as they will,
There is no choice in sin and doing ill. (Gods,
Then happy man by's dole, luck makes the
He acts most high that best out-dares the gods.
These are that *Raw-bon'd Herd* of *Pharaoh's*
Kine,
Which eat up all our fatlings, yet look lean,
These are the after-claps of bloody showres,
Which, like the *Scots*, come for your gude and
yours.
The gleaners of the field, where, if a man
Escape the sword that milder frying-pan,
He leaps into the fire, cramping the claws
Of such can speak no English but the cause
Under that soggy term, that Inquisition,
Y'are wrackt at all adventures *On suspition*.
No matter what's the crime, a good estate's
Delinquency enough to ground their hates,
Nor shall calm innocence so scape, as not
To be made guilty, or at least so thought.
And if the spirit once inform, beware,
The flesh and world but renegadoes are.
Thus once concluded, out the *Teazers* run
All in full cry and speed till *it's* undone.
So that a poor *Delinquent* fleec'd and torn,
Seems like a man that's creeping through a
horn, (when
Finds a smooth entrance, wide and fit, but
Hee's squeez'd and forc'd up through the smaller end,

He looks as gaunt and pin'd, as he that ſpent
A tedious twelve years in an eager *Lent*;
Or bodies at the *Reſurrection* are
On wing, juſt rarifying into aire.
The *Emblem* of a man, the pitied *Caſe*
And ſhape of ſome ſad being once that was.
The *Type* of fleſh and blood, the Skeleton
And ſuperficies of a thing that's gone.
The winter quarter of a life, the tinder
And body of a corps ſqueez'd to a cinder;
When no more tortures can be thought upon,
Mercy ſhall flow into oblivion.
Mercifull Hell! thy Judges are but three,
Ours multiform, and in pluralitie!
Thy calmer cenſures flow without recall,
And in one doom ſouls ſee their final all.
We travel with expectance: Suffrings here
Are but the earneſts of a ſecond fear.
Thy pains and plagues are infinite; 'tis true
Ours are not only infinite but new,
So that the dread of what's to come exceeds
The anguiſh of that part already bleeds.
This only difference ſwells 'twixt us and you,
Hell has the kinder *Devils* of the two.

On the happy Memory of Alderman Hoyle *that hang'd himself.*

ALL *hail* fair fruit! may every Crab-tree bear
Such blossoms, and so lovely every year!
Call yee me this the slip? marry 'tis well,
Zacheus slip'd to Heaven, the Thief to Hell:
But if the Saints thus give's the slip, 'tis need
To look about us to preserve the breed.
Th'are of the Running game, and thus to post
In nooses, blanks the reckning with their *Host*.
Here's more than *Trussum cordum* I suppose
That knit this knot, guilt seldom singly goes!
A wounded soul close coupled with the fence
Of sin, payes home its proper recompence.
But hark you, Sir, if haste can grant the time,
See you the danger yet what 'tis to climbe
In Kings prerogatives? things beyond just,
When Law seems brib'd to doom them, must be truss'd,
But O I smell your plot strong through your hose,
'Twas but to cheat the Hang-man of your cloaths,
Else your more active hands had fairly stay'd
The leasure of a Psalm: *Judas* has pray'd,
But later crimes cannot admit the pause,
They run upon effects more than the cause.

Yet

Yet let me ask one queſtion, why alone?
One member of a Corporation?
Tis clear amongſt Divines, bodys and ſouls
As joyntly active, ſo their judgment rowles
Concordant in the ſentence; why not ſo
In earthly ſufferings? *States* attended goe.
But I perceive the knack: Old women ſay,
And bee't approv'd, Each dog ſhall have his day.
Hence ſweep the Almanack: *Lilly* make room,
And blanks enough for the new Saints to come.
All in *Red letters*: as their faults have bin
Scarlet, ſo limbe their *Anniverſe* of ſin,
And to their childrens credits and their wives
Be it ſtill ſaid, They leap fair for their lives.

Platonique Love.

BE gon fantaſtick whimſey, hence be gon!
I ſlight thy dreams, I'me no *Camelion*;
Nor can I feed on Ayry ſmoaky bliſſes,
Or bayt my ſtrong deſire with ſmiles and kiſſes.
Old *Tantalus* as well may ſurfeit on
The flying ſtreames by contemplation.

Give me a minute's heaven with my love,
Where I may rouſe in pleaſures far above

The

The idle fancy of the soul's embrace,
Where my swift hand may ravish all the grace
Of beauties wardrop, where the longing Bride
May feast her fill, yet never be satisfied.

Blaspheme not Love with any other name
Than an enjoyment kindled from the flame
Of panting breasts, mix'd in a sweet desire
Of something more than barely to admire.
'Though sighs and signes may make the pulses beate,
'Action's the bellowes that preserves the heat.

If all content were placed in the eye,
And thoughts compriz'd the whole felicity:
Pictures might court each other, & exchange
Their white-lime looks, woo hard, and yet seem strange:
'No! Love requires a quick and home embrace,
'Nor can it dwell for ever on the face.

'What ever glories Nature's tender care
'Compiles to make a piece divinely rare,
'Th'are but the sweet allurements of the eye
'Fix'd on a stage to catch the standers by,
'Or like rich *Signes* exposed to open sight
'To tempt the Traveller to stay all night.

Yield then (my chast *Clarinda*) once to see
The sweet *Meander* of *Love's libertie*.

And

And seal thy thoughts a Grant to understand
The welcome pleasures of a wife well mann'd.
For all the sweets mistaken in a kisse
Are but the empty circumstance of this.

So shall a full content wipe out the score
Of all our sorrows that have pass'd before.
Not a sad sigh shall scape unsatisfied,
Which in its master's passion wept and died;
But like a Sea made subject to our Oares
Wee'le hoise up Sail and touch the wished
Shoares.

Christmas Day.

Or the Shuttle of an inspired Weaver bolted against the Order of the Church for its Solemnity.

Christ-mass? Give me my beads: The word implies
A plot, by its ingredients Beef and Pyes!
A feast *Apocryphal*, a Popish rite
Kneaded in dough (beloved) in the night;
The night (beloved) that's as much to say
(By late translation:) not in the day.
An annual dark-lanthorn *Jubile*,
Catesby & *Vaux* bak'd in conspiracie,
The *Hierarchie* of *Rome* the *Triple Crown*
Confess'd in *Triangles*, then swallow'd down,

With

With Spaniſh Sack; The eighty eight *Armado*
Newly preſented in an *Ovenado*,
O *Calvin*! now my *Cauſe* upon thee axes,
Were ere ſuch dregs mix'd with *Geneva* fixes?
The cloyſter'd ſteaks with ſalt and pepper lie
Like *Nunnes* with patches in a *Monaſtrie*,
Prophaneſs in a *Conclave*? nay much more
Idolatrie in cruſt! *Babylon's Whore*
Rak'd from the grave, and bak'd by hanches,
Serv'd up in coffins to unholy men (then
Defiled with ſuperſtition, like the *Gentiles*
Of old, that worſhip'd *Onions*, *Roots* & *Lentiles*!
Did ever *John* of *Leydon* prophecy
Of ſuch an *Antichriſt* as pudding-pye?
Beloved, 'tis a thing when it appears,
Enough to ſet the *Saints* all by the ears
In ſolving of the text, a doubtfull ſin
Reformed Churches nere conſented in. (pray,
But hold (my *Brethren*) while I preach and
Me thinks the *Manna* melts and waſts away;
I am a man as all you are, have read
Of *Peter's* ſheet, how he devoutly fed
Without exception; therefore to diſpence
A little with the worm of conſcience,
And bend unto the creature, I profeſs,
Zeal and a Pye may joyn both in a meſs.
The deareſt ſons may erre, then why a ſinner
May I not eat? ſince *HUGH* eat three to dinner?

Piæ Memoriæ

Doctiſs. Reverendiſſimique in Chriſto Patris, *Johannis Prideaux* quam-noviſſime *Vigorniæ* Epiſcopi, harumque triſtiſſime lacrymarum Patroni nec non defuncti.

Busta ſtruant alii, lacrymiſque altaria rorent,
Quorum triſtitiæ fata pianda cadunt.
Talia præcurrant cineres monumenta puſilli,
Queis melos & tumulum fama gemenda petit.
Hic neque Pyramidum, nec inertis monſtra Coloſſi
Poſcuntur, ſubito corruitura die.
Gloria ſecuri confidentiſſima Cœli
Non vocat hæc ſtellis aſtra minora ſuis.
Sic tuus aſcendit currus, digniſſime Præſul,
Terreni miſerans futile honoris onus.
Sed væ Zodiaco noſtro, væ (Phœbe) trementi,
Ortus enim patriæ lux tenebræque fuit.
In te floruimus, tecum decerpimur omnes
Et Pater & gnati: Molliter oſſa cubent.
Parva tegant tenues & aperti funera fletus,
Tanta ruant ſuperis damna ſilenda metu.

Ob-

Obsequies

On that right reverend Father in God John Prideaux *late Bishop of* Worcester *deceased.*

IF by the fall of *Luminaries* we
May safely gues the world's *Catastrophe*,
The signs are all fulfill'd, the *Tokens* flown,
(That scarce a man has any of his own)
Only the *Jews* conversion some doubt bred,
But that's confuted now the *Doctor*'s dead.
Great *Atlas* of Religion! since thy fate
Proclaims our loss too soon, our tears too late,
Where shall the bleeding *Church* a Champion
To Grasp with *Heresie*? Or to maintain (gain
Her conflict with the Devil? For the ods
Runs byas'd six to four against the *Gods*.
Hell lifts amain, and th'Engagements flies
With winged *Zeal* through all the Sectaries,
That should she soundly into question fall,
We were within a *Vote* of none at all.
But can this hap upon a single death?
Yes: For thou wert the treasure of our breath;
That pious *Arch* whereon the building stood,
Which broke, the whole's devolv'd into a flood;
An inundation that ore bears the bancks
And bounds of all religion: If some stancks

Shew

Shew their emergent heads? Like *Seth's* famed
stone,
Th'are monuments of thy devotion gone!
No wonder then the rambling *Spirits* stray,
In thee the body fell, and slipt away.
Hence 'tis the Pulpit swells with exhalations,
Intricate non-sense travell'd from all Nations,
Notions refin'd to doubts, & maxims squeez'd
With tedious hick-ups till the sense grows
freez'd.
If ought shall chance to drop we may call
good,
'Tis thy distinction makes it understood.
Thy glorious Sun made ours a perfect day,
Our influence took its being from thy ray.
Thine was that *Gideon's* fleece, when all stood
dry,
Pearl'd with celestial dew, showr'd from on
high.
But now thy night is come, our shades are
spread,
And living here we move among the dead.
Perhaps an *Ignis fatuus* now and then
Starts up in holes, stinks and goes out agen.
Such *Kicksee Winsee* flames shew but how dear
Thy great *Light's* resurrection would be here.
A *Brother* with five loaves and two small fishes,
A table book of sighs, and looks, and wishes,
Startles Religion more at one strong doubt,
Than what they mean when as the candle's
out.

But

But I profane thy ashes (gratious soul)
Thy spirit flew too high to truss these foul
Gnostick opinions. Thou desired'st to meet,
Such tenents that durst stand upon their feet,
And beard the *Truth* with as intens'd a zeal
As *Saints* upon a fast night quilt a meal.
Rome never trembled till thy piercing eye
Darted her through, and crush'd the mysterie.
Thy *Revelations* made St. *John*'s compleat,
Babylon fell indeed, but 'twas thy sweat
And oyl perform'd the work: to what we see
Foretold in misty types, broke forth in thee.
Some shallow lines were drawn, and sconces made
By smatterers in the Arts, to drive a trade
Of words between us, but that proved no more
Than threats in cowing feathers to give ore.
Thy fancy laid the *Siedg* that wrought her fall,
Thy batteries commanded round the wall:
Not a poor loop-hole error could sneak by,
No not the *Abbess* to the Friery,
Though her disguise as close and subtly good
As when she wore the *Monk*'s hose for a hood.
And if perhaps their *French* or *Spanish* wine
Had fill'd them full of beads and *Bellarmine*,
That they durst salley, or attempt a guard,
O! how thy busy brain would beat and ward!
Rally! and reinforce! rout! and relieve!
Double reserves! and then an onset give

Like marſhall'd thunder back'd with flames of fire!
Storms mixt with ſtorms! Paſſion with globes of ire!
Yet ſo well diſciplin'd that judgment ſtill
Sway'd, and not raſh *Commiſſionated* will.
No; words in thee knew order, time, and place,
The inſtant of a charge, or when to face:
When to purſue advantage, where to halt,
When to draw off, and where to re-aſſault.
Such ſure commands ſtream'd from thee, that 'twas one
With thee to vanquiſh as to look upon:
So that thy ruin'd Foes groveling confeſſe
Thy conqueſts were their fate and happineſſe.
Nor was it all thy buſineſs here to war
With forreign forces: But thy active ſtar
Could courſe a home-bred miſt, a native ſin,
And ſhew its guilt's degrees, how, and wherein;
Then ſentence and expel it: Thus thy ſun
An everlaſting ſtage in labour run;
So that its motion to the eye of man
Waved ſtill in a compleat *Meridian*.
But theſe are but fair comments of our loſs,
The glory of a *Church* now on the *Croſs*:
The tranſcript of that beauty, once we had,
Whiles with the luſtre of thy preſence clad:
But thou art gone (*Brave Soul*) & with thee all
The gallantry of Arts *Polemicall*.

Nothing

Nothing remains as *Primitive* but talk,
And that our Priests again in *Leather* walk:
A *Flying ministrie* of horse and foot,
Things that can start a text but nere come to't:
Teazers of doctrines, which in long-sleev'd
Run down a sermon all upon the nose. (prose.
These like dull glow-worms twinckle in the
night,
The frighted *Land-skips* of an absent light.
But thy rich flame's withdrawn, heaven
caught thee hence,
Thy glories were grown ripe for recompence:
And therefore to prevent our weak essaies,
Th'art crown'd an Angel with cœlestial Bayes:
And there they ravish'd Soul meets field and
Beauties enough to fill its strong desire. (fire,
The contemplation of a present *God*,
Perfections in the womb, the very road
And *Essences* of vertues as they be
Streaming and mixing in *Eternitie*.
Whiles we possess our souls but in a veyle,
Like earth confined, catch heaven by retaile,
Such a dark-lanthorn age, such jealous dayes,
Men tread on Snakes, sleep in *Bataliaes*,
Walk like *Confessors*, hear but must not say
What the bold world dares act, & what it may:
Yet here all votes, *Commons* and *Lords* agree,
The *Crosier* fell in *Laud*, the *Church* in thee.

On the death of his Royall Majesty Charles *late King of* England, *&c.*

WHat went you out to see? a dying King?
Nay more, I fear an Angel suffering.
But what went you to see? A Prophet slain?
Nay that and more, a martyrd Soveraign.
Peace to that sacred dust! *Great Sir* our fears
Have left us nothing but obedient tears
To court Your Hearse? & in those pious flouds
We live, the poore remainder of our goods.
Accept us in these later obsequies,
The unplundred riches of our hearts & eyes;
For in these faithfull streams and emanations
W'are subjects still beyond all *Sequestrations*.
Here we cry more than Conquerours: malice may
Murder estates, but hearts will still obey;
These as your glory's yet above the reach
Of such whose purple lines confusion preach.
And now (*Dear Sir*) vouchsafe us to admire
With envy Your arrival, and that *Quire*
Of *Cherubims* and *Angels* that supply'd
Our duties at Your Triumphs: where you ride
With full cælestial *Joes*, and *Ovations*,
Rich as the Conquest of three ruin'd *Nations*.
But 'twas the heavenly plot that snatch'd You hence,
To Crown Your Soul with that magnificence

And

And bounden rites of honour, that poor earth
Could only wish and strangle in the birth.
Such pitied emulation stop'd the blush
Of our ambitious shame, non-suited us.
For where souls act beyond mortality,
Heaven only can perform that *Jubilee*.
We wrastle then no more, but bless Your day,
And mourn the anguish of our sad delay:
That since we cannot add, we yet stay here
Fettered in clay: Yet longing to appear
Spectators of your blisse, that being shown
Once more, You may embrace us as Your own,
Where never envy shall divide us more,
Nor Citty-tumults, nor the worlds uproar;
But an eternal hush, a quiet peace
As without end, so still in the increase,
Shall lull humanity asleep, and bring
Us equal Subjects to the heavenly King.
Till when I'le turn *Recusant*, and forswear
All *Calvin*, for there's *Purgatory* here.

An Epitaph.

STay Passenger: Behold and see
The Widdowed grave of *Majestie*.
Why trembl'est thou? Here's that will make
All but our stupid souls to shake.
Here lies entomb'd the sacred dust
Of *Peace* and *Piety*, Right and just.

The blood (O ſtart'ſt not thou to hear?)
Of a *King*, 'twixt hope and fear
Shed, and hurried hence to be
The miracle of miſerie.

Add the ills that *Rome* can boaſt,
Shrift the world in every coaſt,
Mix the fire of earth and ſeas
With humane ſpleen & practiſes,
To puny the records of time;
By one grand *Gigantick* crime,
Then ſwel it bigger till it ſqueeze
The globe to crooked hams and knees;
Here's that ſhall make it ſeem to be
But modeſt *Chriſtianitie*.

The *Lawgiver*, amongſt his own,
Sentenc'd by a Law unknown;
Voted *Monarchy* to death
By the courſe *Plebeian* breath:
The *Soveraign* of all command
Suff'ring by a *Common* hand.
A *Prince*, to make the odium more,
Offer'd at his very door.
The head cut off, oh death to ſee't!
In obedience to the feet.
And that by *Juſtice* you muſt know,
If you have faith to think it ſo.
Wee'le ſtir no further than this ſacred Clay,
But let it ſlumber till the *Judgment* day.
Of all the *Kings* on earth, 'tis not denyed,
Here lies the firſt that for Religion died.

A

A Survey of the World.

THe *World*'s a guilded trifle, and the state
Of sublunary bliss adulterate;
Fame but an empty sound, a painted noise,
A wonder that nere looks beyond nine dayes.
Honours's the tennis-ball of fortune: Though
Men wade to it in blood and overthrow;
Which like a box of dice uneven dance,
Sometimes 'tis one's, sometimes another's chance.
Wealth but the hugg'd consumption of that heart,
That travailes Sea and Land for his own smart.
Pleasure a courtly madness, a conceit
That smiles, and tickles without worth or weight,
Whose scatter'd reck'ning when 'tis to be paid,
Is but repentance lavishly inlayd:
The world, fame, honour, wealth, and pleasure then
Are the fair wrack and *Gemonies* of men.
Ask but thy *Carnall heart* if thou shouldst be
Sole *Monarch* of the worlds great familie,
If with the *Macedonian Youth* there would
Not be a corner still reserv'd that could
Another earth contain? If so, What is
That poor insatiate thing we may call bliss?

Queſtion the loaden *Gallantry* a ſleep;
What profit now their *Lawrels* in the deep
Of death's oblivion? What their *Triumph* was
More then the moment it did prance and paſs?
If then applauſe move by the vulgar cry,
Fame's but a glorious uncertainty.

Awake *Sejanus*, *Strafford*, *Buckingham*,
Charge the fond favorites of greateſt name,
What faith is in a *Prince's* ſmile, what joy
In th'high and *Grand Concilio de Roy?*
Nay *Cæſar's* ſelf, that march'd his *Honours* through
The bowels of all *Kingdoms*, made them bow
Low to the ſtirrop of his will and vote,
What ſafety to their Maſter's life they brought?
When in the *Senate* in his higheſt pride
By two and thirty wounds he fell and dyed?

If *Height* be then moſt ſubjected to fate,
(*Honour's* the day-ſpring of a greater hate.
Now ask the *Grov'ling ſoul* that makes his gold
His *Idol*, his *Diana*, what a cold
Account of hapineſs can here ariſe
From that ingluvious ſurfet of his eyes?
How the whole man's inſlav'd to a lean dearth
Of all enjoyment for a little earth?
How like *Prometheus* he doth ſtill repair
(His growing heart to feed the *Vultur* care.
Or like a Spider's envious deſignes, (loines.
Drawing the threads of death from her own

Tor-

Tort'ring his entrails with thoughts of to morrow,
To keep that maſſe with grief, he gain'd with ſorrow.
If to the clincking paſtime in his ears
He add the *Orphans* cries and widdows tears,
The Muſick's far from ſweet, and if you ſound him,
Truly, they leave him ſadder than they found him.
Now touch the *Dallying Gallant*, he that lyes
Angling for babies in his *Miſtris*'s eyes,
Thinks there's no heaven like a bale of dyce,
Six horſes and a Coach with a device,
A caſt of Lacquies, and a Lady-bird,
An Oath in faſhion and a guilded Sword,
Can ſmoak Tobacco with a face in frame,
And ſpeak perhaps a line of ſence to th'ſame,
Can ſleep a *Sabbath* over in his bed,
Or if his play book's there, will ſtoop to read,
Can kiſs its hand, and congey *à la mode*,
And when the night's approching, bolt abroad,
Unleſs his Honour's worſhip's rent's not come;
So he fals ſick, and ſwears the Carrier home.
Elſe if his rare devotion ſwell ſo high
To Waſte an hour-glaſſe on divinity,
Tis but to make the Church his ſtage, thereby
To blaze the Taylor in his rybaldry.
Ask but the *Jay* when his diſtreſs ſhall fall
Like an arm'd man upon him, where are all
The roſe-buds of his youth? thoſe antick toyes
Wherein he ſported out his pretious dayes?

What

What comfort he collects from Hawk or Hound?
Or if amongst his looser hours, he found
One of a thousand to redeem that time
Perish'd and lost for ever in his prime?
Or if he dream'd of an eternall bliss?
Hee'le swear *God damn him* he nere thought of this:
But like the *Epicure* ador'd the day
That shin'd, rose up to eat, and drink and play:
Knows that his body was but dust and dye
It once must, so have mercy, and God b'wy.
Thus having travers'd the fond world in brief,
The lust of the eyes, the flesh, and pride of life,
Unbiass'd and impartially, we see
'Tis lighter in the scale than vanitie.
What then remains, but that we still should strive
Not be born to die, but die to live?

An old Man Courting a young Girle.

COme beauteous *Nymph*, canst thou embrace
An aged, wise, majestick grace
To mingle with thy youthfull flames,
And make thy glories stay'd? The Dames
Of looser gesture blush to see
Thy *Lillies* cloath'd with gravitie:
Thy happier choice, thy gentle *Vine*
With a sober *Elm* entwine:

Seal

Seal fair *Nymph*, that lovely eye
Shall speak thy honour loud and high.
Nym. Ceaſe *Grandſire Lover*, and forbear
To court me with thy *Sepulchre*:
Thy chill *December* and my *May*,
Thy *Evening* and my *Break of Day*
Can brook no mixture, no condition,
But ſtand in perfect oppoſition.
Nor can my active heart embrace
A ſhivering *Ague* in love's chaſe.
Only perhaps the lucky eye
May make thy forked fortune high.
Man. If fretted roofs, and beds of down,
And the wonder of the *Town*,
Bended knees, and coſtly fare,
Richeſt dainties without care,
May temptations motives bee,
Here they all attend on thee.
And to raiſe thy bliſs the more,
Swel thy Trunck with pretious Ore
The glittering entrails of the Eaſt,
To varniſh and perfume thy Neſt.
Nym. I queſtion not *Sage Sir*, but ſhee
That weds your grave obliquitie,
Your Tiſſick, Rhewms, and Soldans face,
Shall meet with *Fretted Roofs* apace;
I fancy not your bended knees,
Leſt bowing you can ſprightly riſe;
Your gold too when you leave to woo
Will quickly become *Pretious* too.

And

And dainty Cates without delight,
May glut the day but ſtarve the night.
For when thou boaſts the Beds of bliſs,
The man, the man, ſtill wanting is.

Man. Nay gentle *Nymph*, think not my fire
So quench'd, but that the ſtrong deſire
Of Love can wake it, and create,
New action to cooperate.
The ſparkes of youth are not ſo gone,
But I----ay marry, that I can.
Come ſmack me then my pretty dear,
Taſte what a lively change is here.
Why fly'ſt thou me? ——————
Nym. ——————yce yce be gone,)
Claſp me not with thy *Frozen Zone*.
That pale aſpect would beſt become
The ſad complexion of a Tombe,
Think not thy *Church-yard* look ſhall move
My Spring to be thy Winter's *Stove*.
If at the *Reſurrection* we
Shall chance to marry, call on me;
By that time I perhaps may gueſſe
How to bathe and how to dreſſe
Thy weeping leggs and ſympathize,
With periſh'd lungs and wopper eyes;
And think thy touchy paſſion wit,
Love diſdain and flatter it;
And 'midſt this coſtive puniſhment
Raiſe a politick content.

But whiles the *Solstice* of my years
Glories in its highest sphears,
Deem not, I will daign to be
The Vassal of infirmity,
The skreen of flegmatick old age,
Decay'd *Methusalems* his page.
No! give me lively pleasures, such
Melt the fancy in the touch;
Raise the appetite, and more,
Satisfie it o're and o're.
Then from the ashes of those fires
Kindle fresh and new desires.
So *Cyprus* be the *Scæne*: Above
Venus and the *God* of love,
Knitting true-love-knots in one
Merry happy Union.
Whiles their feather'd team appears
Doves and Sparrows in their gears,
Flutt'ring ore the Jovial-frie,
Sporting in love's *Comedie*. (flower

Man. Hold hasty soul, beauty's a
That may perish in an hour;
No disease but can disgrace
The trifling blossoms of a face,
And nip the heights of those fond toyes
That now are doted on with praise.
The noon-glory of the *Sun*
To the shades of night must come.
May, for all her guilded prime,
Has its weak and withering time.

Not

Not a bud that owes its birth
From the teeming mother earth,
But excels the fading dreſs
Of a womans lovelineſs.
For when flowers vaniſh here,
They may ſpring another year.
But fraile beauty when 'tis gone,
Finds no reſurrection.
Scorn me then, coy *Nymph*, no more,
Fly no higher, do not ſore;
Thoſe pretty rubies of thy lips
Once muſt know a pale *Eclipſe*:
And that plump alluring skin
Will be furrow'd deeply in:
And thoſe curled locks ſo bright,
Time will all beſnow with white.
Not a glory, not a glance,
But muſt ſuffer change and chance.
Then, though now you'l not contract
With me in the marriage *Act*,
Yet perforce chuſe, chuſe you whether
You and I ſhall *Lye* together.

An Epitaph on his deceaſed Friend.

HEre lies the ruin'd *Cabinet*
Of a rich ſoul more highly ſet:
The droſſe and refuſe of a minde
Too glorious to be here confin'd:

Earth

Earth for a while beſpake his ſtay
Only to bait and ſo away:
So that what here he doated on,
Was meerly accommodation:
Not that his active ſoul could bee
At home but in eternitie.
Yet while he bleſt us with the rayes
Of his ſhort continued daies,
Each minute had its weight of worth,
Each pregnant hour ſome *Star* brought forth.
So whiles he travel'd here beneath,
He liv'd, when others only breathe.
For not a ſand of time ſlip'd by
Without its action ſweet as high:
So good, ſo peaceable, ſo bleſt,
Angels alone can ſpeak the reſt.

Mount Ida, or, *Beauties Conteſt.*

THree regent *Goddeſſes*, they fell at odds,
As they ſat cloſe in councel with the gods,
Whoſe beauty did excel; And thence they crave
A moderator of the ſtrife to have:
But left the partial heavens could not decide
The grudg, they ſtoop to Mortals to be try'd.

Mantled in clouds then gently down they fall
Upon *Mount Ida* to appeaſe the brall:

Where

Where *Priam*'s lovely *Boy* ſporting did keep
His Fathers lambs and ſnowy flocks of ſheep,
His lilly hand was ſoon ordain'd to be
The harmleſs *Umpire* of the fond decree.

To him, to him, they gave the *Golden Ball*,
O happy goddeſs upon whom it fall!
But more unhappy *Shepherd*, was't not pitty
Thou didſt not ſend it at a cloſe *Committee*?
There, there thou hadſt ſurpaſs'd what did befall, (*All*.
Thou might'ſt have crowned *One*, yet pleaſed

Firſt then *Imperious Juno* did diſplay
Her coronet of glories to the Boy,
And rang'd her ſtars up in an arched ring
Of height and majeſty moſt flouriſhing,
Then wealth and honour at his foot did lay
To be eſteem'd the *Lady* of the day.

Next *Pallas* that brave *Heroina* came,
The thund'ring Queen of action, war & fame,
Dreſs'd in her glittering arms, wherewith ſhe layes (raiſe,
Worlds waſt, & new ones from their duſt can
Theſe, theſe ſhe tenders him, advanc'd to be,
With all the wreaths of wit and gallantrie.

Laſt *Venus* breaks forth of her golden raies,
With thouſand *Cupids* crown'd ten thouſand *Boyes*, *Spark-*

Sparkling through every quadrant of her eyes,
Which made her beauty in full glory rise:
Then smiling vow'd so to sublime his parts,
To make him the great *Conqueror* of hearts.

Thus poor distracted *Paris* all on fire
Stood trembling deep in doubt what to desire,
The sweet temptations pleaded hard for all,
Each theatre of beauty seem'd to call
For the bright prize: but he amaz'd, he (shee
Could not determine which, which, which was

At last the *Cyprian* Girle so struck him blinde
In all the faculties of soul and minde,
That he poor captiv'd wretch without delay
Could not forbear his frailty to betray,
But maugre honour, wisdom, all above,
He ran and kiss'd & crown'd the *Queen* of *Love*.

Pallas and *Juno* then in high disdain
Took snuff and posted up to heaven again,
As to a high *Court* of appeal, to be
Reveng'd on men for this indignity.
'Hence then it happens that the *Ball* was lost,
''Tis two to one but love is alwayes croft.

Upon a Flye that flew into a Lady's eye, and there lay buried in a tear.

POor envious *Soul!* what couldſt thou ſee
In that bright *Orb* of puritie?
That active globe? That twinkling ſphear
Of beauty, to be medling there?
Or didſt thou fooliſhly miſtake
The glowing morn in that day-break?
Or was't thy pride to mount ſo high
Only to kiſſe the *Sun* and dye?
Or didſt thou think to rival all,
Don Phaethon and his great fall?
And in a richer Sea of brine
Drown *Icarus* again in thine?
'Twas bravely aim'd, and which is more,
Th'haſt ſunk the fable ore and ore.
For in this ſingle death of thee
Th'haſt bankrupt all *Antiquitie*.
O had the fair *Ægyptian* Queen
Thy glorious monument once ſeen,
How had ſhe ſpared what time forbids,
The needleſſe tott'ring *Pyramids*!
And in an emulative chafe
Have begg'd thy ſhrine her Epitaph?
Where, when her aged marble muſt
Reſign her honour to the duſt,
Thou mightſt have canonized her
Deceaſed *Time's Executor*?

To

To rip up all the Western bed
Of spices where *Sol* layes his head,
To squeez the *Phœnix* and her Nest
In one perfume that may write *Best*,
Then blend the gall'rie of the skies
With her *Seraglio* of eyes,
T'embalm a name, and raise a Tombe
The miracle of all to come,
Then, then, compare it: Here's a Gemm
A pearl must shame and pity them.
An amber drop, distilled by
The sparkling *Limbeck* of an eye,
Shall dazle all the short essaies
Of rubbish worth, and shallow praise.
We strive not then to prize that tear
Since we have nought to poise it here.
The world's too light. Hence, hence we cry
The world, the world's not worth a Fly.

Obsequies.

To the memory of the truly Noble, right Valiant, and right Honourable, Spencer *Earl of* Northampton, *Slain at* Hopton *Field in* Staffordshire, *in the beginning of this Civil War.*

WHat? The whole world in silence? Not a tear
In tune through all the speechless *Hemisphere*?

Has grief ſo ſeiz'd and ſear'd man-kinde in all
The convoyes of *Intelligence*? No fall
But thoſe of *Waters* heard? No Elegies (eyes?
But ſuch as whine through th'organs of our
Can *Pompey* fall again? and no Pen ſay
Here lies the *Romane Liberty* in clay?
Or can his blood *Bow-die* th'Egyptian Sand,
And the black crime doe leſs than tan the (land?
And make the *Region* inſtead of a verſe
And Tombe his fable *Epitaph* and Hearſe?
So here *Northampton* that brave *Heroe* fell,
Triumphant *Roman*, thy pure paralell,
The bluſh and glory of his Age: Who dyed
In all points happy, but the *Weaker ſide.*
Onely to forreign parts he did not roam,
The kinde *Ægyptians* met him nearer home.
Both, and ſuch, Cauſes, that the world confeſs,
There's nought to plead againſt them but *Suc-*
Malignant Loyalty! a glorious fame (ceſs.
And ſin, for which God never found a name.
Which had it ſcaped the *Rubrick* of theſe times,
Had ſtill continued among *Holy Crimes.*
A *Text* on which we finde no gloſſe at all
But in the *Alcoran* of Gold-ſmiths Hall!
Now (*Great Adolphus*) give me leave to ſtir
The aſhes of thy Urne, and ſepulcher;
And branch the flowers of the *Sweadiſh* glory
As rivall'd to the life in our ſad ſtory;
Yet not impair thy plumes, by adding more
To ſuit that ſplendor from a neighbour ſhore;

Nor

Nor deem thy honor less thus match'd to be,
If *Compton* dyed to grasping *Victorie*.
An active soul in gallant fury hurld
To club with all the Worthies of the world.
Blinde, envious, piping *Fortune!* what could be
The tottering ground of this thy treacherie?
To stop the ballance of that brave Career?
VVas both at once thy miracle and fear?
VVas't not a Pannick dread surpriz'd thy soul
Of being made servile to his high controul?
Blush and confess poor *Caitiff-goddesse!* so
VVee'l quit his in thy reall overthrow.
And *Death*, thou worm! thou pale *assassinate!*
Thou sneaking hireling of revenge and hate,
Didst not thou feel an *Earthquake* in thy bones?
Such as rends Rocks and their foundations?
No *Tertian* shivering, but an *Ague* fit
VVhich with a burning Feaver shall commit
The world to ashes? when thou stol'st crept'st under
That Helmet which durst dare *Jove* and his thunder.
But since the bays he reacht at grew not here,
Like a wise souldier, and a *Cavalier*,
He left his covetous enemie at bay,
Rifling the carriage of his flesh and clay:
VVhile his rich soul pursued the greater game
Of *Honour* to the skies, there fix'd his name.

I shall not therefore vex the *Orbs* to trace
Thy sacred foot-steps in that hallow'd place;
Nor start a feigned Star, and swear it shine,
Then stretch the *Constellation* to thy line,
Like a *Welch-Gentleman* that tacks his kin
To all *Coats* in the countrey he lives in.
Nor yet, to raise thy *Flaming Crest*, shall I
Knock for the wandring *Planets* in the skie.
Perhaps some broken beauty of stale doubt,
To comment on her face has hir'd them out.
Let fame, and thy brave race thy *Statue* live,
The world can never such another give.
Whiles each soul sighes at the sad thought of thee
There fell a *Province* of *Nobilitie*.
A fall, had *Zeal* but husbanded its throat, (*Vote*.
That sunk the *House of Lords*, and saved the
They only State-mute *Titles* in their gears,
He singly represented all the *Peers*.
One, had the enemy imployd their *Smeck*,
Those *Ring-worms of the Church*, to beg a neck
With *Claudius*, to metropolize all worth,
Rome, and what ere the *Suburbe*-world brought forth,
In him the sword did glut its ravening eye,
The rest that kick'd up were the smaller *Frye*.
Sparks only of that fire in him deceas'd,
Nyfles that crack'd and vanish'd north & west.
He led the *Royal* war in such a dye,
In that dire entrance of the *Tragedy*,

The

The sense (*Great Charles*) no longer to prorogue,
None but thy self could speak the *Epilogue*.

The London Lady.

GEntly my *Muse*! 'tis but a tender piece,
A paradox of Fumes and *Ambergreece*.
A cobweb-tinder at a touch takes fire,
The tumbling wherligig of blinde desire:
Vulcan's *Pandora* in a crystal shrine,
Or th'old *Inn* faced with a new painted signe:
The spotted voyder of the *Term*: In short,
Chymical nature physick'd into Art.
But hold rude *Satyr*, here a *Hector* comes,
A *Cod-peice Captain* that with her shares sums,
One claims a Jovnture in her sins, the foile
That puts her off, like the old man ere while
That with a dagger Cloak, and ho-boy gapes,
And squeeks for company for the *Jack-an-Apes*.
This is the fierce *St. George* foreruns the wagon,
And, if occasion be, shall kill the *Dragon*.
Don Mars the great ascendant on the road
When *Thomas*'s teem begins to jog abroad.
The hinter at each turn of *Covent Garden*,
The *Club-pickearer*, the robust *Church-warden*
Of *Lincolne's Inn* back-corner, where he angles
For Cloaks and Hats, and the small game entangles:

This is the *City Usher* ſtraid to enter
The ſmall drink countrey Squires of the firſt venter,
And dubs them bach'lor-Knight of the black Jugg,
Mans them into an oath, & the French ſhrugg
Make's them fine graduates in ſmock-impudence,
And gelds them of their puny mothers ſence:
So that when two terms more, & forty pound
Reads them acquainted all *Gomorrha* round,
Down to their wondring friends at laſt they range,
With breeding juſt enough to ſpeak them ſtrange,
And drown a younger brother in a look,
Kick a poor Lacquey, and berogue the Cook,
Top a ſmall cry of Tenants that dare ſtir
In no phraſe now, but ſave your *Worſhip Sir*.
But to return: By this my Lady's up,
Has ſwom the Ocean of the Cawdle-Cup,
Convers'd with every waſhing, every ground,
And Fucus in the Cabinet's to be found,
Has laid the fix'd complexion for the day,
Her breech rings high (*change* and ſhe muſt away. (ſhe glides,
Now down the Channel towards the *Strand*
Flinging her nimble glances on both ſides,
Like the death-darting *Cockatrice* (that ſlye
Cloſe *Enginere*) that murders through the eye.

The

The first that's tickled with her rumbling wheels
Is the old *Statesman*, that in slippers reels,
He wire-drawes up his jawes, and snuffs and grins,
And sighing smacks, but for my aged shins,
My *Conclave* of diseases, I would boord
Your lofty Gally: Thus I serv'd my *Lord*----.
But mum for that, his strength will scarce sup-ply
His back to the Balcona, so God b'wy.
By this she has survey'd the golden *Globe*,
And finding no temptation to disrobe,
To *Durham's New Old Stable* on she packs,
Where having winc'd and breath'd the what d'ye lacks,
Rusled and bounced a turn or two in ire,
She mounts the Coach like *Phaethon* all on fire,
Fit for th' impressions of all sorts of evill,
And whirles up towards the *Lawyers* and the *Devill*.
There *Ployden* in his laced Ruff starch'd on edg
Peeps like an Adder through a quick-set hedg,
And brings his stale demur to stop the course
Of her proceedings with her yoak of horse;
Then fals to handling of the cause, and so
Shews her the posture of her over-throw,
But yet for all his Law and double Fees
Shee'l bring him to joyn issue on his knees:
And make him pay for expedition too,
Thus the gray fox acts his green sins anew.

And

And well he ſcapes if all his *Norman* ſenſe
Can ſave the burning of his *Evidence*.
But out at laſt ſhee'shudled in the dark,
Man'd like a *Lady Client* by the *Clerk*,
And ſo the nimble youngſter at the parting
Extorts a ſmack perhaps before the Carting.
Down *Fleet-ſtreet* next ſhe rowls with powdred creſt, (neſt.
To ſpring clip'd-half-crowns in the *Cuckow's*
For now the Heroes of the yard have ſhut
Their ſhops, and loll upon their bulks to put
The Ladies to the ſqueek, if ſo perhaps
Their miſtreſſes can ſpare them from their laps:
Not far ſhe waves and ſails before ſhe clings
With the young tribe for pendents, lace, and rings;
But there poor totter'd *Madam*, though too late
She meets the topſie-turvey of her ſtate;
For the calm'd Boyes, having nought left to pay,
Are forc'd to pawn her, and ſo run away.
On this the dreadfull *Drawer* ſoon appears,
Like her ill *Genius* about her ears,
With a long bill of *Items* that affright
Worſe than a skull of Halberds in the night.
For now the Jay's compell'd to untruſs all
The tackling upon tick from every ſtall,
Each ſharing Broker of her borrow'd dreſs
Seems to do pennance in her nakedneſs.
For not a Lady of the noble game,
But is compos'd at leaſt of all Long-Lane;

An

An Animal *together blow'd and made,*
And up'd of all the ſhreds of every Trade. (packs,
Thus purely now her ſelf homewards ſhe
Exciz'd in all the *Dialects* of her knacks;
Squeez'd to the utmoſt thred, and lateſt grain,
Like *Meteors* toſs'd to their firſt grit again.
A lane, a lane, ſhe comes, ſumm'd down to
But ſhame & a thin-under-petticoat. (nought.
But leſt I ſhould purſue her to the quick,
I paſs: The chaſe lies now too near the nick.
In pity *Satyr* then they laſh let fall:
He knows her beſt that ſcans her not at all.
And though thou ſeem'ſt diſcourteous not to ſave her,
No matter, when thou leav'ſt there's one will have her.

The Times.

TO ſpeak in wet-ſhod eyes, & drowned looks,
Sad broken accents, and a vein that brooks
No ſpirit, life, or vigour, were to own
The cruſh and triumph of affliction;
And creeping with *Themiſtocles* to bee
The pale-fac'd penſioners of our enemie.
No, 'tis the glory of the ſoul to riſe
By falls, and at re-bound to pierce the skies.
Like a brave *Courſer* ſtanding on the ſand
Of ſome high-working *Fretum*, views a land,
Smiling

Smiling with ſweets upon the diſtant ſide,
Garniſh'd in all her gay embroidred pride,
Larded with ſprings, and fring'd with curled woods,
Impatient, bounces in the capring floods,
Big with a nobler fury than that ſtream
Of ſhallow violence he meets in them; (way
Thence arm'd with ſcorn & courage ploughs a
Through the impoſtum'd billows of the Sea;
And makes the grumbling Surges ſlaves to our
And waft him ſafely to the further ſhoar:
Where landed, in a ſoveraign diſdain
He turns back, and ſurveys the foaming main,
Whiles the ſubjected waters flowing reel,
Ambitious yet to waſh the victor's heel.
In ſuch a noble equipage ſhould we
Embrace th' encounter of our miſerie.
Not like a field of corn, that hangs the head
For every tempeſt, every petty dread.
Croſſes were the beſt *Chriſtians* arms: and we
That hope a wiſhed *Canaan* once to ſee,
Muſt not expect a carpet-way alone
Without a red-ſea of affliction.
Then caſt the dice: Let's foord old *Rubicon*,
Cæſar 'tis thine, man is but once undone.
Tread ſoftly through, leſt *Scylla*'s ghoſt awake,
And us i'th' roll of his *Proſcriptions* take.
Rome is revived, and the *Triumvirate*
In the black *Iſland* are once more a State;
The City trembles: There's no third to ſhield,
If once *Auguſtus* to *Antonius* yield, Law

Law shall not shelter *Cicero*, the robe
The *Senate*: Proud success admits no Probe
Of Justice to correct or square the fate
That bears down all as illegitimate;
For whatsoever it lists to overthrow,
It either finds it, or else makes it so.

Thus *Tyranny*'s a stately *Palace*, where
Ambition sweats to climbe and nustle there;
But when 'tis entered, what hopes then remain?
There is no salliport to come out again.
For mischief must rowl on, and gliding grow,
Like little rivulets that gently flow (crease
From their first bubling springs, but still in-
And swell their channel as they mend their pace;
Till in a glorious tide of villany
They over-run the banks, and posting fly
Like th' bellowing waves in tumults, till they
Display themselves in a full Ocean. (can
And if blinde rage shal chance to miss its way,
Brings stock enough alone to make a Sea.

Thus treble treasons are secur'd & drown'd
By louder cries of deeper mouth and sound;
And high attempts swallow a puny plot
As Cannons over-whelm the smaller shot.
Whiles the deaf senseless world inur'd a while
(Like the *Catadupi* at the fall of *Nile*)
To the fierce tumbling wonder, think it none
Thus custom hallows irreligion!
And stroaks the patient beast till he admit
The now-grown-light and necessary Bit.

But

But whether do I ramble? Gauled times
Cannot endure a smart hand ore their crimes.
Distracted age! What dialect or fashion
Shall I assume? to pass the approbation
Of thy censorious *Synod*; which now sit
High *Areopagites* to destroy all wit?
I cannot say, I say, that I am one
Of th' *Church* of *Ely-house*, or *Abington*,
Nor of those pretious spirits that can deal
The pomegranates of grace at every meal.
No zealous *Hemp-dresser* yet dipp'd me in
The Laver of adoption from my sin.
But yet if inspiration, or a tale
Of a long-wasted six-hours length prevail,
A smooth certificate from the sisterhood,
Or to be termed holy before good,
Religious malice, or a faith 'thout works,
Other then may proclaim us *Jews* or *Turks*:
If these, these hint at any thing? Then, then
Whoop! my dispairing *Hope* come back agen:
For since the inundation of grace,
All honesty's under water, or in chase.
But 'tis the old worlds dotage, thereupon
We feed on dreams, imagination, (reign
Humours, and cross-graind passions which now
In the decaying elements of the brain.
'Tis hard to coin new fancies, when there bee
So few that launch out in discovery.
Nay Arts are so far from being cherished,
There's scarce a *Colledge* but has lost its *Head*,

And

And almoſt all its *Members*: Oh ſad wound!
Where never an Artery could be judged ſound!
To what a hight is *Vice* now towred? When we
Dare not miſcall it an *Obliquitie*?
So confident, and carrying ſuch an aw,
That it ſubſcribes it ſelf no leſs than *Law*?
If this be reformation then? The great
Account purſued with ſo much blood & ſweat?
In what black lines ſhall our ſad ſtory be
Deliver'd over to poſteritie?
With what a daſh and ſcar ſhall we be read:
How has Dame *Nature* in us ſuffered?
Who of all Centuries the firſt age are
That ſunk the World for want of due repair?
When firſt we iſſued out in cries and tears,
(Thoſe ſalt preſages of our future years)
Head-long we dropt into a quiet calm.
Times crown'd with roſie garlands, ſpice and balm,
Where firſt a glorious *Church* and mother came,
Embrac'd us in her arms, gave us a name
By which we live, and an indulgent breſt
Flowing with ſtream to an eternal reſt.
Thus raviſh'd, the poor *Soul* could not gheſſe even,
Which was more kinde to her yet, earth, or heaven.
Or rather wrapped in a pious doubt
Of heaven, whether ſhe were in or out.
Next the *Great Father* of our *Countrey* brings
His bleſſing too, (even the *Beſt* of *Kings*)

Safe

Safe and well-grounded Laws, to guard our peace,
And nurſe our virtues in their juſt increaſe;
Like a pure ſpring from whom all graces come;
Whoſe bounty made it double *Chriſtendome*.
Such and ſo ſweet were thoſe *Halcyon* dayes
That roſe upon us in our Infant rayes;
Such a compoſed *State* we breathed under,
We only heard of *Jove*, nere felt his thunder.
Terrours were then as ſtrange, as love now grown,
Wrong and revenge lived quietly at home;
The ſole contention that we underſtood,
Was a rare ſtrife and war in doing good.
Now let's reflect upon our gratefulneſs,
How we have added, or (O!) made it leſs,
What are th' improvements? what our progreſſe, where were?
Thoſe handſome acts that ſay that ſome men
He that to ancient wreaths can bring no more
From his own worth, dayes banq'rupt, on the ſcore.
For Father's Creſts are crowned in the Son,
And glory ſpreads by propagation.
Now virtue ſhield me! where ſhall I begin?
To what a labyrinth am I now ſlipp'd in?
What ſhall we anſwer them? or what deny?
What prove? or rather whether ſhall we fly?
When the poor widdow'd *Church* ſhall ask us where
Are all her honours? and that filial care

We

We owed so sweet a Parent as the Spouse
of *Christ*, which here vouchsafed to own a
Where are her *Boanerges*? & those rare (house?
Have sons of consolation? which did bear
The *Ark* before our *Israel*, and dispence
The Heavenly *Manna* with such diligence?
In them the primitive Motto's come to passe,
Aut mortui sunt, aut docent literas.
Blest'd *Virgin*, we can only say we have (grave.
Thy Prophets Tombes among us, and their
And here and there a man in colours paint,
That by thy ruines grew a mighty *Saint*.
Next *Cæsar* some accounts are due to thee,
But those in bloud already written be.
So lowd & lasting, in such monstrous shapes,
So wide the never to be clos'd wound gapes;
All ages yet to come with shivering shall
Recite the fearful pres'dent of thy fall.
Hence we confute thy tenent *Solomon*,
Under the Sun a new thing hath been done,
A thing before all pattern, all pretence
Of rule or coppy: Such a strange offence
Of such original extract, that it bears
Date only from the *Eden* of our years.
Laconian Agis! we have read thy fate,
The violence of the *Spartan* love and hate.
How *Pagans* trembled at the thought of thee,
And fled the horror of thy tragedie;
Thyestes cruel feast, and how the Sun
Shrunk in his golden beams that sight to shun.

The bosoms of all Kingdoms open lye,
Plain and emergent to th'inquiring eye.
But when we glance upon our native home,
As the black *Center* to whom all points come,
We rest amazed, and silently admire
How far beyond all spleen ours did aspire.
All that we dare assert is but a cry
Of an exchanged peace for *Liberty*.
A secret term by inspiration known,
A mist that brooks no demonstration,
Unless we dive in to our purses, where
We quickly find *Our Freedom* purely dear.
But why exclaim you thus? may some men say,
Against the times? when equall night and day
Keep their just course? the seasons still the same?
As sweet as when from the first hand they came?
The influence of the *Stars* benigne and free,
As at first *Peep up* in their infancie?
Tis not those standing motions that divide
The space of years, nor the swift hours that glide
Those little particles of age, that come
In thronging *Items* that make up the *Summ*,
That's here intended: But our crying crimes,
Our monsters that abominate the times.
Tis we that make the *Metonymie* good
By being bad, Which like a troubled flood
Nothing produce but slimy mire and dirt,
And impudence that makes shame malepert.

To

To travel further in these wounds that lye
Rankling, though seeming closed, were to deny (tears
Rest to an ore-watch'd world, and force fresh
From stench'd eyes, new alarm'd by old fears.
Which if they thus shall heal & stop, they bee
The first that ere were cur'd by *Lethargie*.
This only *Axiom* from ill *Times* increase
I gather, *There's a time to hold ones peace.*

The Model of the new Religion.

WHoop! *Mr. Vickar* in your flying frock?
What news at *Babel* now? how stands the
When wags the floud? no *Ephimeridies*? (*Cock*
Nought but confounding of the languages?
No more of th'Saints arrival? or the chance
Of three pipes two pence and an ordinance?
How many Queer-religions? clear your throat,
May a man have a penny-worth? four a groat?
Or doe the *Iuncto* leap at trufs-a-fayle?
Three Tenets clap while five hang on the tayle?
No *Querpo model*? never a knack or wile?
To preach for spoons & whistles? crosse or pile?
No hints of truth on foot? no sparks of grace?
No late sprung light? to dance the wild-goose chase?
No *Spiritual Dragoons* that take their flames
From th'inspiration of the Citty Dames?

No crums of comfort to relieve our cry?
No new dealt mince-meat of divinity?
Come let's project: By the great late E-
We justly fear a famine of the lips. (clipse
For sprats are rose an *Omer* for a sowse,
Which gripes the conclave of the lower House.
Let's therefore vote a close humiliation
For opening the seal'd eyes of this blinde Nation,
That they may see confessingly, and swear
They have not seen at all this fourteen year.
And for the splints and spavins to , tis said
All the joints have the *Riffcage*, since the head
Swell'd so prodigious, and excis'd the parts
From all allegiance, but in tears and hearts.
But zealous Sir, what say to a touch at prayer?
How *Quops* the spirit? In what garb or ayre?
With *Souse* erect, or pendent, winks, or haws?
Sniveling? or the extention of the jaws?
Devotion has its mode: *Dear Sir* hold forth,
Learning's a venture of the second worth.
For since the people's rise and its sad fall,
We are inspir'd from much to none at all.
Brother adiew! I see y'are closely girt,
A costive *Dover* gives the Saints the squirt.
Hence (Reade) all our flying news contracts
Like the State's Fleet from the Seas into acts.
(But where's the model all this while? you'le say
Tis like the *Reformation*, run away.

On

On Britanicus *his leap three ſtory high, and his eſcape from* London.

PAul from *Damaſcus* in a basket ſlides
Cran'd by the faithfull *Brethren* down the ſides
Of their embattel'd walls: *Britannicus*
As loth to truſt the *Brethrens God with us*,
Slides too, but yet more deſp'rate, and yet thrives
In his deſcent; needs muſt! the Devil drives.
Their cauſe was both the ſame, & herein meet,
Only their fall was not with equal feet,
VVhich makes the caſe *Iambick*: Thus we ſee
How much news falls ſhort of *Divinitie*.
Truth was their crying crime: One takes the night,
Th'other th' advantage of *the new ſprung Light*
To mantle his eſcape: How different be
The Priſtin and the *Modern* Policie?
Have *Ages* their *Antipodes*? Yet ſtill
Cloſe in the Propagation of ill?
Hence flowes this uſe and doctrine from the thump
I laſt ſuſtain'd (belov'd) *Good wits may Jump*.

Content.

FAir ſtranger! winged maid, where doſt thou reſt
Thy ſnowy locks at noon? Or on what breſt
Of ſpices ſlumber ore the ſullen night?
Of waking whether doſt thou take thy flight?
Shall I goe ſeek ſome melancholick grove?
The ſilent theatre of deſpair and love?
There court the *Bitterne* and the *Pelican*
Thoſe *Aiery Antipodes* to the tents of man?
Or ſitting by ſome pretty pratling ſpring
Hear hoarſe *Nyctimene* her dirges ſing?
Whiles the rough *Satyres* dance *Corantoes* too
The chattring Sembriefs of her *Woo hoo, hoo*?
Or ſhall I trace ſome ice-bound wilderneſs
Among the caverns of abſtruſe receſs?
Where never prying Sun, nor bluſhing Day
Could ſteal a glimps, or interſqueeze a ray?
If not within this ſolitary Cell,
O whether muſt I poſt? Where doſt thou dwell?
Shall I let looſe the reins of blind deſire?
And ſurfet every ravening ſence? Give fire
To any train? And tyre voluptuouſneſs
In all her ſoft varieties of exceſs?
And make each day a hiſtory of ſin?
Drink the *A la mort* Sun down and up agen?

Improve

Improve my crimes to ſuch a roaring ſcore,
That when I dye, where others goe before
In whining venial ſtreams, and quarto pages,
My flouds may riſe in folio, ſink all ages?
Or ſhall I bathe my ſelf in widdows tears?
And build my name in th' curſe of them and theirs?
Ship-wrack whole nature to craw out a purſe
With th'molten cinders of the univerſe?
Belch nought but ruine? and the horrid cryes
Of fire and ſword? and ſwim in drowned eyes?
Make lanes to crowns & ſcepters through th' heart's veins
Of Juſtice, Law, Right, Church and Sove-raigns?
No, no, I trace thee not in this dark way
Of death, this ſcarlet ſtreak'd *Aceldama*.
Shall I then to the houſe of mourning goe?
Where the *Salt-peter Vuates* over-flow (brine?
With freſh ſupplies of grief? Freſh tides of
Or traverſe the wide world in every line?
Walk through the bowels of each realm and ſtate
Simpling for rules of policy to create
Strange forms of government of new molds & waſts
Like a *French Kickſhaw* of a thouſand taſts?
Or ſhall I dive into the ſecrecy
Of Nature? Where the moſt retir'd doth lye?
Or ſhall I waſte the taper of my ſoul
In ſcrutinies; where neither *Northern--pole*

Nor *Southern-constellation* darts a light
To constitute a latitude or height?
Or shall I float into the watry pale
Wan kingdom of the *Moon*? and there set sail
For all the *Orbs*? and keep high holy-day
With th' *Nectar-tipling-Gods* in the milky-way?
Swell *Bacchus* tripes with a tun of lusty Sack?
And lay the *Plump Squire* flat upon his back?
O no, these revels are too short, too sour,
Too sad, hugg'd and repented in an hour.
Shall I then plough the seas to forreign soils?
And rake the pregnant *Indies* for hid spoils?
Or with the *Anchorite* abhor the eye
Of heaven, and banish all society?
Live in, and out the world? and pass my days
In treading out some strange mysterious maze?
Taste every humane sweet? Lilly and Rose?
With all the sharp guard that about them grows?
Climbe where dispair would tremble to set foot,
Spring new impossibles and force way to't?
Make the whole globe a shop of Chymistry
To melt down all her atomes, and descry
That small *Iota*, that last pittied grain
Which the gull'd sons of men pursue in vain?
Or shall I grasp those meteors, fame, & praise?
Which breath by th' charity of the vulgar voice?
Pile honour upon honour till it crack
The *Atlas* of my pride, and break it's back?

Hold

Hold fancy, hold! for whether wilt thou bear
My ſun-burnt hope to loſs? 'Tis, 'tis not here.
Soar then (*My ſoul*) above the arched round
Of theſe poor ſpangled bliſſes: Her's no ground
To fix the ſacred foot of pure *Content*,
Her manſion's in a higher element.
Haſt thou perceiv'd the ſweetneſs of a groan?
Or tried the wings of contemplation?
Or haſt thou found the balm of tears that preſs
Like Amber, in the dregs of bitterneſs?
Or haſt thou felt that ſecret joy that flows
Againſt the tide of common over-throws?
Or haſt thou known the dawning of a God
Upon thee, when his love is ſhed abroad?
Or haſt thou heard the ſacred harmony
Of a calm Conſcience ecchoing in thee
A *Requiem* from above? A ſealed peace
Beyond the power of hell, ſin, or deceaſe?
Or haſt thou taſted that communion
Between a reconciled God and Man?
That holy intercourſe? Thoſe pretious ſmiles
Diſſolv'd in holy whiſprings between whiles?
Here, here's the ſteps lead to her bleſs'd abode;
Her chair of ſtate is in the Throne of God.

May-

May Day.

COme *Gallants*, why ſo dull? What muddy cloud
Dwells on the eye-brows of the day? Why ſhroud
Ye up your ſelves in the furl'd ſails of night,
And toſſing lye at *Hull*? Hark how delight
Knocks with her ſilver wings at every ſenſe?
And great *Apollo Laureat* doth Commence?

Up! 'tis the golden *Jubilee* of the year, (*Sphear*
The *Stars* are all withdrawn from each glad
Within the tyring-rooms of heaven, unleſs
Some few that peep to ſpy our happineſs
Whiles *Phœbus* tugging up *Olympus* craw (*Paw*.
Smoaks his bright Teem along on the *Grand*

Harke how the ſongſters of the ſhady plain
Cloſe up their Anthems in a melting ſtrain!
See where the glittering Nymphs whirl itaway
In *Checkling Caravans* as blyth as *May*,
And th'Chriſtal ſweating flowers droop their heads
In bluſhing ſhame to call you ſlug-a-beds.
Waſte but a glance upon *Hide-park*, and ſwear
All *Argus* eyes are fall'n, and fixed there.

The

The dapled lawns with Ladies ſhine and glow,
Whiles bubling mounts with ſprings of *Nectar* flow;
And each kine Turtle ſits and bills his Dove
Like *Venus* and *Adonis* lapp'd in love.

Heark how *Amyntas* in melodius loud
Shrill raptures tunes his horn-pipe! whiles a crowd
Of ſnow-white milk-maids crownd with garlands gay
Trip to the ſoft meaſure of his Lay:
And fields with curds and cream like green-cheeſe lye.
This now or never is the *Gallaxie*.

If the facetious *Gods* ere taken were
With mortal beauties and diſguis'd, 'tis here.
See how they mix ſocieties, and toſſe
The tumbling ball into a willing loſſe, (take
That th'twining *Ladies* on their necks might
The doubled kiſſes which they firſt did ſtake.

Thoſe pretty earneſts of a maiden head,
Thoſe ſugred ſeals of love, types of the bed,
Which to confirm the ſweet conveiance more
They throng in thouſand times ten thouſand ſcore.
Such heavenly ſurfeits, as they ſporting lye,
Thus catch they from each others lip and eye.

The

The game at beſt, the girls *May-rould* muſt be,
Where *Croyden* and *Mopſa*, he and ſhe
Each happy pair make one *Hermaphrodite*,
And tumbling bounce together, black & white,
Where had you ſeen the chance, you had not known
Whoſe ſhew had lovelier bin *Madam's* or *Joan*.

Then crown the bowl, let every conduit run
Canary, till we lodg the reeling Sun.
Tap every joy, let not a pearl be ſpilt,
Till we have ſet the ringing world a tilt.
And ſacrifice *Arabia Fœlix* in
One bone-fire, one incenſe offering.

'Tis *Sack*, 'tis *Sack*, that drowns the thorny cares,
Which hedg the pillow, and abridg our years,
The quicking *Anima Mundi* that creates
Life in dejection, and out-dares the Fates,
Makes man look big on danger, and out-ſwell
The fury of that thrall that threatens Hell.

Chirp round my Boys: let each ſoul take its ſip,
Who knows what falls between the cup and lip?
What can a voluntary pale-look bring
Or a deep ſigh to leſſen ſuffering?
Has miſchief any pity or regard?
The foyl of miſery is a breaſt prepar'd.

Hence

Hence then with folded arms, eclipſed eyes,
And low impriſon'd groans, meek cowardiſe.
Urge not with oars death that in full ſail comes,
Nor walk in foreſtal'd blacks to the dark tombs,
But rather then th' eternal jaws ſhall gape,
Gallop with *Curtius* down the gallant hap.

Mean time here's that ſhall make our ſhackles light,
And charm the diſmal terrors walk by night,
'Tis this that chears the drooping ſoul, revives
The benum'd captive crampt in his cold gyves.
Kingdomes and Cottages, the *Mill* and *Throne*
Sack the *Grand Leveller* commands alone.

'Tis *Sack* that rocks the boyling brain to reſt,
Confirms the aged hams, and wormes the breſt
Of gallantry to action, runs half-ſhare
An[illegible] metal with the buff-fac'd Sons of war.
'Tis wit, 'tis art, 'tis ſtrength, 'tis all and more;
Then looſe the flood gates *George*, wee'le pay
or ſcore.

An Epig. to Doulus.

Doulus advanc'd upon a goodly Steed,
Came mounting ore the plain in very deed,
Whereat the people cring'd & bow'd the knee,
In honour of my *Lord*'s rich Livery.

Hence

Hence ſwell not *Doulus*, nor erect thy creſt,
'Twas for the *Goddeſs* ſake we capp'd the boaſt.

An Epig. on the people of England.

Sweating and chafing hot *Ardelio* cries,
A Boat a *Boat*, elſe farewell all the prize.
But having once ſet foot upon the deep,
Hot-ſpur *Ardelio* fell faſt aſleep.
So we, on fire with zealous diſcontent,
Call'd out a *Parliament*, a *Parliament*;
Which being obtain'd at laſt, what did they do?
Even ſqueez the wool-packs, and lye ſnorting too.

Another.

Brittain a Orchard ſeem'd to be
Furniſh'd with natures choiſe varietie,
Temptations golden fruit of every ſort,
Th' *Heſperian Garden* fann'd from fein'd report.
Great boyes and ſmall together in we brake,
No matter what diſdain'd *Priapus* ſpake,
Up, up, we lift the great *Boyes* in the trees,
Hoping a common ſhare to ſympathize:
But they no ſooner there neglected ſtreight
The ſhoulders that ſo rais'd them to this height;
And fell to ſtuffing of their own bags firſt,
And as their treaſure grew, ſo did their thirſt.

Whiles

Whiles we in lean expectance gaping ſtand
For one ſhake from their charitable hand.
But all in vain, the dropſie of deſire
So ſcorch'd them, three Realms could not quench the fire.
Be wiſe then in your Ale, bold youths: for fear
The *Gardner* catch us, as *Moſs* caught his *Mare*.

A *Sing-ſong on* Clarinda's *Wedding.*

NOw that *Love*'s *Holiday* is come,
And *Madg* the *Maid* hath ſwept the room
And trim'd her ſpit and pot,

Awake my merry *Muſe*, and ſing
The *Revells*, and that other thing
That muſt not be forgot.

As the gray morning dawn'd, 'tis ſed
Clarinda broke out of her bed
Like *Cynthia* in her pride:

Where all the Maiden *Lights* that were
Compriz'd within our *Hemyſphere*
Attended at her ſide.

But wot you then, with much ado
They dreſs'd the Bride from top to toe
And brought her from her chamber:

Deck'd

Deck'd in her robes and garments gay
More ſumptuous than the live long day
Or Stars enſhrin'd in Amber.

The ſparkling bullies of her eyes
Like two eclipſed Suns did riſe
Beneath her cryſtal brow,

To ſhew like thoſe ſtrange accidents
Some ſudden changeable events
VVere like to hap below.

Her cheeks beſtreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty tell-tales of the bed
Preſag'd the bluſt'ring night.

VVith his encircling arms and ſhade
Reſolv'd to ſwallow and invade
And skreen her virgin light.

Her lips, thoſe threds of ſcarlet dye,
VVherein Love's charms and quiverlye,
Legions of ſweets did crown,

VVhich ſmilingly did ſeem to ſay
O crop me, crop me, whiles you may,
Anon th' are not mine own.

Her

Her breasts those melting Alps of snow,
On whose fair hills in open show
The *God of Love* lay napping;

Like swelling Buts of lively Wine
Upon their Ivory steels did shine,
To wait the lucky tapping.

Her waste, that tender type of man,
Was but a small and single span,
Yet I dare safely swear,

He that whole thousands has in fee,
Would forfeit all, so he might be
Lord of the Mannor there.

But now before I passe the line,
Pray *Reader* give me leave to dine,
And pause here in the middle;

The *Bridegroom* and the *Parson* knock,
With all the *Hymeneal* flock,
The *Plum-cake* and the *Fidle*.

When as the Priest *Clarinda* sees,
He star'd as't had bin half his fees
To gaze upon her face.

And if the spirit did not move,
His continence was far above
Each sinner in the place.

With mickle stir he joynd their hands,
And hamp'red them in marriage bands
As fast as fast might be;

Where still me thinks, me thinks I hear
That secret sigh in every eare,
Once love remember me!

Which done, the Cook he knock'd amain,
And up the dishes in a train
Come smoaking two and two;

With that they wip'd their mouths and face,
Some fell to quaffing, some to prate,
Ay marry and welcome too.

In pay'rs they thus impal'd the meat,
Roger and *Marget*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,
Rafe and *Besse*, *Andrew* and *Maudlin*,

And *Valentine* eke with *Sybill* so sweet,
Whose cheeks on each side of her snuffers did meet
As round and as plump as a codling;
When

When at the laſt they had fetched their freez,
And mired their ſtomacks quite up to the knees
In claret and good chear;

Then, then began the merry din,
For as it was thought they were all on the pin;
O what kiſſing and clipping was there!

But as luck would have it the *Parſon* ſaid grace,
And to friſking & dancing they ſhuffled apace,
Each Lad took his Laſs by the fiſt,

And when he had ſqueez'd her, and gaum'd her untill
The fat of her face ran down like a mill,
He toll'd for the reſt of the griſt.

In ſweat and in duſt having waſted the day,
They enter'd upon the laſt act of the play,
The Bride to her bed was convey'd,

Where knee-deep each hand fell down to the ground,
And in ſeeking the Garter much pleaſure was found;
'Twould have made a mans arm have ſtray'd.

This clutter ore *Clarinda* lay
Half bedded, like the peeping day
Behind *Olympus* cap;

Whiles at her head each twittring Girle
The fatal ſtocking quick did whirle
To know the lucky hap.

The Bridegroom in at laſt did ruſtle,
All *diſappointed* in the buſtle,
The Maidens had ſhav'd his breeches;

But let him not complain, 'tis well
In ſuch a ſtorm, I can you tell
He ſav'd his other ſtitches.

And now he bounc'd into the bed,
Even juſt as if a man had ſed
Fair Lady have at all;

Where twiſted at the hug they lay,
Like *Venus* and the ſprightly Boy,
O who would fear the fall?

Thus both with love's ſweet tapers fired,
And thouſand balmy kiſſes tyred,
They could not wait the reſt,

But out the folk and candles fled,
And to't they went; but what they did
There lies the cream o'th' jeſt.

The

The Myrtle-Grove.

JUst as the reeling Sun came sliding down
Among the *Moors*, and *Tethys* in a Gown
Of sea-green watchet settled to embrace
Her great *Apollo* from his circled race,
And the streak'd heavens did themselves digest
Into a larger *Iris*, to invest
And canopie th' illustrious lovely pair
In a *Diaphanous* Robe of costly ayre:
Clarinda rose amidst the *Myrtle-grove*,
Like the *Queen-Mother* of the stars above.
But that *Clarinda*'s was no borrow'd *Light*,
Nor could it, where she was bedeem'd a night.
Such was the natural glories she put on,
They could no being to reflection.
Whiles the inspir'd *Musicians* of the wood,
Ravish'd at the new day, powr'd out a floud
Of quavering melody in honied strains
To court the glittering Deity of the plains.
Those pretty flow'ry beds of sweets that now
Had clos'd their heads up in an amber dew
Of tears, to mourn the drowsie Sun's good night,
Warm'd with a nobler ardor sprung up-right,
And threw the mantles of dull sleep aside
In a displaid and meritorious pride,

To ſtrew with rich perfumes her balmy way,
Which grew more fragrant by her active ray.
Thus ſweetly woo'd *Clarinda* laid her down
On a curl'd quilt of roſes, fondly grown
Proud of their own oppreſſion, whiles they
Kiſs the dear burden which upon them lay;
Then ſkreen'd with harmony, ſhe ſtretch'd along
Upon her *Damask Couch*, where a bright throng
Of *Graces* hover'd ore the firmament
Of her pure orbs drawn to a full extent:
Whiles a ſoft gale of wanton wind that blew,
Did ſport her willing glories into view.
But I, poor dazled I, not daring here
T'attempt the ſplendor of each naked ſphear,
Stood peeping through the *Opticks* of the ſhade,
Which to my ſight a kind reflection made.
Her eyes half ſhut up in their chryſtal caſe
Stood twinkling *Centinels* upon her face;
Or elſe to take the proſpect of thoſe fields
Of beauty which that flowing *Tempe* yields.
Her coral lips ten thouſand ſmiles enthron'd,
Like cluſtred grapes which for a vintage groan'd.
The Ivory palace of her ſtately neck
Cloth'd with majeſtick aw, did ſeem to check
The looſer paſtime of her gameſome hair,
Which in wild rings ran trick about the ayre.
Her amorous breſts ſwell'd to a lovely riſe
Of dripping plenty, a twinn'd *Paradiſe*

Of

Of milk and honey, exhal'd my roving eye
Into a ſoul-enſcaring extaſie.
And had I not recoil'd without delay,
I there had wandred in the milky way.
Her belly like the *Ace of Clubs*, ſo white,
So black, the ſtrutting pillow of delight,
So fired the catching tinder of my ſenſe,
That I no longer *Student* could commence,
But ſtraight weigh'd anchor and tack'd up the
To the main-yard, waiting a ſtiffer gale (ſail
To paſs me through thoſe tickliſh ſtraights of
Into the full *Mediterranean*. (Man
At laſt I plung'd into th' *Elyſian* charms,
Faſt claſp'd by th' arched *Zodiack* of her arms,
Thoſe cloſer clings of love, where I partaked
Strong hopes of bliſs; but ſo, O ſo I waked!

To my honoured friend Mr. T. C. that ask'd me how I liked his Miſtris being an old widdow.

BUt prethee firſt how long haſt bin
Loſt in this ſad eſtate of ſin?
That the milde Gout, or Pox, or worſe
Serves not to expiate thy curſe?
Some Peſtilence elſe may be thought upon,
And not ſuch abſolute damnation.
Are rocks and halters grown ſo dear
That ther's no periſhing but here?
Does no *Committee* yet ſurvive,
Thoſe cheaper *Gregories* of men alive?

If thou wilt needs to Sea, O must it be
In an old *Galliasse* of sixty three?
A snail-crawl'd botom? A gray Bark
That stood at Font for *Noah's Ark*?
Whose wrinkled Poop in figures furl'd
Describes her travels round the world?
A *Nut* wch when th'hast crack'd & fumbled ore,
Thou'lt finde the *Squiril* has bin there before?
Then raise the Siedge from falling on
That old dismantled garrison.
Rash Lover speak what pleasure hath
Thy *Spring* in such an *Aftermath*?
Who, were she to the best advantage spread,
Is but the dull husk of a maiden-head.
How canst thou then delight the sense
In beautie's preterperfectense?
And dote upon that free-stone face
VVhich wears but the records of grace?
Whose antick *Monast'ry* brags but a Chest
Of venerable *Reliques* at the best?
O can there such a famine be
Of piping-hot virginity,
That thou art forc'd to slur and cheat
Thy stomach with the broken meat?
Why he that wooes a *Widdow* does no more
Then Court that *Quagmire* where one sunk be-
Fie, prize not then those *Arras-Looks* (fore.
Sullied and thumb'd like *Town-hall Books*!
I like thy fancy well to have
Its misery so near its Grave.

And

And tis a general shrift that most men use,
But yet tis tedious waiting dead men shoes.
If 'twere thy plot I do confesse
For to make *Mumme* of her grease,
Or swop her to the Paper Mill,
This were extracting good from ill.
But if thou wed'st on any worse condition,
Thou'lt prove *Delinquent* for thy *Superstition*.
But prethee hold, let me advise,
Perhaps shee's rich and seems a prize,
New chalk'd, new rigg'd, a stately Friggot,
But yet she's tapp'd at lower spiggot.
Yet if no med'cine for thy grief be found,
There's smal odds *Tom* 'twixt being hang'd or drown'd.

The Engagement Stated.

BE gon *Expositor*: the *Text* is p'ain,
No *Church*, no *Lord*, no *Law*, no *Soveraign*.
Away with mental reservations; and
Senses of Oaths in sles out-vy the *Strand*,
Here's hell truss'd in a thimble, in a breath,
Dares face the hazard of the second death.
The Saints are grown *Laconians*, and can twist
Perjury up in pills like *Leydon* grist,
But hold precize *Deponents* Though the heat
Of *Zeal* in *Cataracts* digests such meat,

My

My cold concoction ſhrinks, and my advance
Drives ſlowly to approach your *Ordinance*;
The ſigne's in *Cancer*, and the *Zodiask* turns
Leonick, rowl'd in curls while *Terra* burns.
What though your fancies are ſublim'd to reach
Thoſe fatal reins? Succeſs and will can teach
But raſh divinity. A ſad renown
Where one man fell to ſee a million drown.
When neither Arts nor Arms can ſerve to fight
And wreſt a *Title* from its law and right,
Muſt malice piece the *Trangum*? and make clear
The ſcruple? Elſe we will reſolve to ſwear?
Nay out-ſwear all that we have ſworn before,
And make good leſſer crimes by acting more
And more ſublime? This, this extends the Line
And ſhames the puny ſoul of *Cataline*.
On this account all thoſe whoſe fortune's croſt,
And want eſtates, may turn *Knights* of the *Poſt*.
Vaulx we out-vy'd thee, ſince thy plot fell lame;
We found a cloſer *Celler* for the ſame,
Piling the fatall Powder in our mouths,
Which in an Oath diſcharg'd blew up the *Houſe*;
Maugre *Mounteagle*, aſps not throughly ſlain,
Their poiſon in an age may live again.

Good

Good *Demas* cuff your Bear, then let us see
The myſtery of your iniquitie.
May a man courſe a cur? And freely box
The Queſtion? Or the formal paradox?
But as in Phyſick, ſo in this device
This querk of policy the point is nice.
For he that in this model means to thrive,
Muſt firſt ſubſcribe to the preparative;
Like Witches compact counter-march his faith,
And ſoak up all what ere the *Spirit* ſaith;
Then ſeal and ſign. *Sylla* threw three bars ſhort,
He had a ſword indeed, but no *Text* for't.
Old *Rome* lament thy infancy in ſin,
We perfect what thou trembled'ſt to begin;
Bluſh then to ſee thy ſelf out-done. But all
The world may grieve; 'tis epidemical.
Heaven frownes indeed. But what makes hell enraged?
Sweet *Pluto* be at peace, we have Engaged.

Prælegenda to the ſucceeding Poem, viz. *The Wife-hater*:

I.

Why Women were made.

WOman in the beginning (as 'tis ſaid)
To be an help to man was chiefly made;
Then

Then ought not women much to be commended,
Who answer th' end for which they were intended?
Women were made to help men, so they do,
Some unto sorrow, grief, diseases too;
Others do their kinde husbands help to spend
Their whole estates, thus answer they their end.
Some help men unto more then they were born,
To have (I mean) *Actæons* head and horn.

2.

Of what Woman was made.

Crooked-condition'd Nature made her, when
She form'd her of the crookedst parts in men:
Nature first fram'd her of a mans rib, she
Then can't chuse but a cross-grain'd creature be,
And ever since (it may not be deni'd)
Poor man hath subject been t' a stitch i'th'side.
Yet some there are who in a gratefull minde,
Would soundly rib their husbands, could they finde
A good tough Cudgel, and make this their answer,
They but restore what *Eve* stole from their Granfire:
And 'tis a reason too (as't hath been tri'd)
A bad wife sits so close to her husbands side.

What

3.

What they committed so soon as they were made.

No sooner made, but she runs into all
Mischief her self, then causeth man to fall:
And now that judgment on their sex is doubled,
They'r with a two-fold falling-sickneſſe troubled.

4.

To what they are now likened.

Women in love and luſt compared be
Unto a pumice-ſtone, for that we ſee
Is full of holes; ſo they, when once in love,
Moſt hollow-hearted to their ſervants prove;
In love they like it are, 'cauſe they diſſemble,
But when they luſt moſt, they it moſt reſemble;
Play with a luſtfull girle, and you ſhall ſee,
How like unto the pumice-ſtone ſhee'l be,
Which way ſoe'r you do her troul,
You'll finde againſt you ſtill an open hole.

VITU-

VITUPERIUM UXORIS:

OR,

THE WIFE-HATER.

1.

HE that intends to take a wife,
I'll tell him what a kind of life
He must be sure to lead;
If shee's a young and tender heart,
Not documented in Loves art,
Much teaching she will need.

2.

For where there is no path, one may
Be tir'd before he find the way;
Nay, when he's at his treasure;
The gap perhaps will prove so straight,
That he for entrance long may wait,
And make a toile of's pleasure.

3.

Or if one old, and past her doing,
He will the chamber-maid be wooing,
To buy her ware the cheaper;
But if he chuse one most formose,
Ripe for't, she'll prove libidinous,
Argus himself sha'nt keep her.

4. For

4.

For when thoſe things are neatly dreſt,
They'l entertaine each wanton gueſt,
Nor for your honour care;
If any give their pride a fall,
Th'have learn'd a trick to bear withall,
So you their charges bear.

5.

Or if you chance to play your game
With a dull, fat, groſſe, heavy Dame,
Your riches to encreaſe,
Alaſſe! ſhe will but jear you for't,
Bid you to find out better ſport,
Lie with a pot of greaſe.

6.

If meager----be thy delight,
She'l conquer in venereal fight,
And waſt thee to the bones.
Such kind of girles like to your Mill,
The more you give, more crave they will,
Or elſe they'l grind the ſtones.

7.

If black, 'tis ods ſhe's div'liſh proud;
If ſhort, Zantippe like, too loud,
If long, ſhe'l lazie be,
Fooliſh (the Proverb ſajes) if faire;
If wiſe and comelie, danger's there,
Leſt ſhe doe Cuckold thee.

8. If

8.

If she bring store of money, such
Are like to domineer too much,
Prove Mrs, no good wife:
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'll fill the house with scolding thunder,
What worse then such a life?

9.

But if her Dowry only be
Beauty, farewell felicitie,
Thy fortune's cast away.
Thou must be sure to satisfie her
In belly, and in back-desire,
To labour night and day.

10.

And rather then her pride give o're,
Shee'l turn perhaps an honour'd whore,
And thou'lt *Acteon*'d be,
Whilest like *Acteon* thou mayst weep,
To think thou forced art to keep
Such as devour thee.

11.

If being Noble thou doest wed
A servile creature, basely bred,
Thy family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'll swear t'exalt a Court-like horn,
Thy low descent it graces.

If

8.

If one tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a wife with many,
Knowes not what may betide him.
She whom he did for the learning honour,
To scold by book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

9.

If both her parents living are,
To please them you must take great care,
Or spoil your future fortune;
But if departed th'are this life
You must be parent to your wife,
And father all, be certaine.

10.

If bravely dreſt, fair fac'd and witty,
Shee'l oft be gadding to the Cittie,
Nor can you say her nay.
She'll tell you (if you her denie)
Since women have Terms, she knows not why
But they still keep them may.

11.

If you make choice of Country ware,
Of being Cuckold there's leſs feare,
But ſtupid honeſtie
May teach her how to ſleep all night,
And take a great deal more delight,
To milk the Cowes then thee.

16.

Concoction makes their blood agree
Too near, where's consanguinitie;
Then let no kin be chosen.
He loseth one part of his treasure,
Who thus confineth all his pleasure
To th'arms of a first Cozen.

17.

He'll never have her at command,
Who takes a wife at second hand;
Then chuse no widdowed mother:
The first cut of that bit you love,
If others had, why main't you prove
But taster to another?

18.

Besides if shee bring children many,
'Tis like by thee shee'll not have any,
But prove a barren Doe:
Or if by them shee ne'r had one,
By thee 'tis likely shee'll have none.
Whilst thou for weak-back goe.

19. (sowing

For there where other gardner's have been
Their seed, but ne'r could find it growing,
You must expect so too;
And where the *Terra incognita*
'So'r plow'd, you must it fallow lay,
And still for weak-back go.

20. Then

20.

Then truſt not to a maiden face,
Nor confidence in widdowes place;
Thoſe weaker veſſels may
Spring leak, or ſplit againſt a rock,
And when your fame's wrapt in a ſmock,
'Tis eaſilie caſt away.

21.

Yet be ſhe faire, foule, ſhort, or tall,
You for a time may love them all,
Call them your ſoul, your life,
And one by one them undermine,
As Courtizan, or Concubine,
But never as married wife.

He who conſiders this, may end the ſtriſe,
Confeſſe no trouble like unto a Wife.

AN ELEGIE.

On

Mr. *John Cleveland.*

PRime Wits are prun'd the first : this may appear
By that high-valued Piece interred here ;
Whose Laureat-Genius rapt with Sacred skill
Prov'd his Extraction from *Parnassus* Hill ;
Whose Fame, like *Pallace* Flame, shone in each Clime,
Crowning his Fancy royally divine.
Rich in Elixar'd measures, and in all
That could breath Sense in Ayrs Emphatically.
Pure Love his Native Influence ; a Lot *Scot*,
Given Him from Heav'n ; No People save the
But did affect him:--These had lov'd Him too,
Had he *School'd Baseness* with a smoother brow;
But his refined temper Scorn'd t'engage
His *Pen* to time, or humour any Age.
Compleat in all that might true Honour gain,
Onely an Enemy to *Withers* Straine :
Holding it still the Prodigy of Time
To Canonize a Poet for a Ryme.
Free in Fruition of himself : Content,
In what dis-relish'd Servile Sp'rits, *Restraint*.
Now some will say, his *Volume* was too small,
To reare an *Hermian* Arch or Escurall

To

To his dilated Fame:--- O do not put
These frivolous Objections! *Homers* Nut
Inclos'd a *living Iliad*. 'Tis not much
Perpetuates our Memory, but such
As can act wonders: and apply a Cure
To States surprized with a Calenture:
And with their Quill, beyond all Chymick Art
Purge the Corruptions of a State-sick Heart
By *rare Phlebotomy*:---- This Art was His,
Which made his name so precious as it is.
Such was the Practice of a *Golden Time*
To spare the Person, *but to taxe the* Crime:
Age is not summ'd by *years* but *hours* as *Times*,
So *Works* are ballanc'd not by *Leafs* but *Lines*.
Clitus affirm'd, and bound it with an Oath
That *Celsus* Poems were mere food for th' Moth:
And for those *Manuscripts* which *Mevius* writ,
They might be styl'd the Surquedry of Wit.
Look home, & weigh the *Fancies* of these days,
And you'l conclude, they merit equall praise.
A Title or a Frontispiece in Plate
Drawn from a Person of desertless State,
Lures Legions of admirers---Wits must want
That hold a distance with the Sycophant:
Timists be onely *Thrivers*: But a brain
Thats freely generous scorns servile gain.
Such was this pure *Parnassian* whose clear nature
To gain a World could never brook to *flatter*.
Poize this *Imparallel*; and you will find
A Mine of treasures in a matchless mind,

(“ No more! the Name of Cleaveland speaks to me
“ A living Annal, dying Elegie.

Upon the pitifull Elegy writ lately on him; modestly taxed and freely Vindicated by the candid censure of an indeared Brother.

Since thy remove from Earth, there came to me
A Funerall Elegy addrest to thee;
Elegiacks made gracious by thy Name,
But too short-lung'd *to parallel thy Fame.*
Laurell *and* Bays *were the Subjects of his Pen,*
Whose muddy Muse deserved none of them.
A sublimated Style bereft of Sense,
Is like a brain-strapt Justice *on a Bench,*
Whose tones are Thunder, Fury and Command,
But in a Dialect *none understand.*
Thy Native Fancy was no Lucian *Dream,*
Deriv'd from th' Crystall Rills of Hippocrene:
Thy free-born Genius *did it self expresse*
In Phidias *Colours without forraigne dresse;*
Much like the Damask Rose, *but newly blown,*
And blusheth in no Tincture but her own.
Such was thy Poesie; *which th'* Albion State
May envy or admire, scarce imitate.
In purest Odes Bards *should thy loss bemone*
And in surviving measures, or in none.

For

For these who want Art to imbellish worth,
Wrong Them whom they endeavour to set forth.

"Sic perit ingenium, Genii ni pignora vitam
"Perpetuam statuant, & Monumenta struant.
"Aurea sic docilem coluerunt Secula vatem,
"Ordine *Pieridum* commemorando parem.

Auson.

THE CHARACTER

Of a London-Diurnall.

A *Diurnall* is a punie *Chronicle*, scarce pin-feather'd with the wings of *time*. It is an History in *Appets*, the *English Iliads* in a nut-shel; the *Apocryphal Parliaments* book of *Maccabees* in single sheets; It would tire a *Welch Pedigree*, to reckon up how many *aps* 'tis removed from an *Annall*; For it is of that *Extract*; only of the younger *house*, like a *Shrimp* to a *Lobster*. The *Originall sinner* in this kind was Dutch *Gallobelgicus* the *Protoplast*; and the *modern Mercuries* but *Hans-in-Kelders*. The Countesse of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an *Almanack*, as many children as dayes in the year. It may be the *Legislative Lady* is of that lineage; so she spawns the *Diurnals*, and they at *Westminster* take them in by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontispice of the old *Beldame Diurnal*, like the contents of the *Chapter*, sitteth the *House of Commons*, Judging the twelve tribes of *Israel*. You may call them the *Kingdomes Anatomy* before the *Weekly Kalendar*: For such is a *Diurnall*, the day of the *moneth*, with what weather in the *Common-wealth*. It is

taken

taken for the pulſe of the *Body Politick*, and the *Emperick Divines of the Aſſembly*, thoſe *ſpiritu-all Dragooners*, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopſis* : and thoſe grave *Rabbies*, (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger Authors. The *Country-Carrier*, (when he buys it for the *Vicar*, miſcalls it the *Urinal*: yet properly enough, for it caſts the water of the *State*, ever ſince it ſtaled blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Devil and his *Exorciſt*; or as a *black Witch* doth from a *white* one, whoſe office is to unravel her *inchantments*.

It begins uſually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law-ſtill-born*, dropt before quickned by the *Royall-aſſent*: 'Tis one of the *Parliaments by-blows* (Acts being legitimate) and hath no more *Syre* than a *Spaniſh Ginnet*, that is begotten by the winde.

Thus their *Militia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the iſſue only of the *Mother*, without the concourſe of *Royal Jupiter*. Yet *Law* it is if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Sexton*, who ſwore his *Clock* went true, whatever the *Sun* ſay to the contrary

The next *Ingredients* of a *Diurnal* is *plots, horrible plots*, which with wonderfull ſagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their *cauſes*, before *Materia prima* can put on her ſmock. How many ſuch fits of the *Mother* have troubled the *Kingdomes*, and (for all Sir *Wal-*

ter

ter *Earl* looks like a Man-Midwife) not yet delivered of so much as a *cushion*. But *Actors* must have their *Properties*; and since the *Stages* were *voted* down, the only *Play-house* is at *Westminster*.

Suitable to their *plots* are their *Informers*, *Skippers*, and *Taylors*, *Spaniels* both for the *land* and *water*. *Good conscionable intelligence*! For however *Pim*'s bill may inflame the *reckoning*, the *honest vermin* have not so much for *lying* as the *publick Faith*.

Thus a *zealous Barber* in *More-fields*, while he was contriving some *Quirpo-cut* of *Church-Government*, by the help of his *out-lying ears*, and the *Otacoustick* of the *Spirit*, discovered such a *Plot*, that *Selden* intends to combate *Antiquity*, and maintain it was a *Taylors Goose* that preserved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my *Lord* of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-traytor'd for dealing with the *Lyons*, to settle the *Commission of Array* in the *Tower*. It would do well to cramp the *Articles Dormant*, besides the opportunity of reforming those *Beasts of the Prerogative*, and changing their *profaner names* of *Harry* and *Charles* into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazar*.

Suppose a *Corn-cutter*, being to give little *Isaac a cast of his office*, should fall to paring his *Brows*, mistaking the one end for the other, because he branches at both: This would be a *plot*, and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this scale of *Votes*.

Re-

Resolved upon the Question, that this act of the *Corn-cutter* was an absolute invasion of the *Cities Charter*, in the *representative fore-head of Isaac*.

Resolved, that the *evil Counsellours* about the *Corn-cutter* are Popishly affected, and enemies to the *State*.

Resolved, that there be a *publick Thanksgiving* for the great deliverance of *Isaac's Brow-antlers*: and a solemn *Covenant* drawn up, to defie the *Corn-cutter* and all his works.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age, fight with the *Windmills* of their own heads, quell *Monsters* of their own creation, make *plots* and then discover them: as who fitter to unkennel the *Fox*, than the *Tarrier* that is a part of him?

In the third place march their *Adventurers*: the *Round-heads Legend*, the *Rebells Romance*, stories of a larger size than the ears of their *Sect*, able to strangle the belief of a *Soli-fidian*.

I'le present them in their order; and first as a *Whiffler* before the show, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the stage with the first, traverst his ground, made a legg and *Exit*. The *Countrey people* took him for one, that by *Order* of the *Houses*, was to dance a *Morrice* through the *West* of *England*. Well! he is a nimble *Gentleman*, set him upon *Banks* his *horse* in a *saddle rampant*, and it is a great question, which part of the Centaur shews better tricks.

There

There was a vote passing to translate him, with all his equipage, into Monumental Ginger bread, but it was crossed by the Female Committee, alledging, that the Valour of his Image would bite their children by the tongues

This Cubit and a half of Commander, by the help of a *Diurnal*, routed his enemies fifty miles off: It is strange you will say, and it is generally believed, he would as soon do it at that distance as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword, for which the weapon-salve was invented, that so wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the same removes.

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope; Room for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches, *Wallers* Knight-errantry: and because every *Mountebank* must have his *Zany*, throw him *Hazelrig* to set off the story; these two like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are alwayes worshipped in the same Chapter, they hunt in their couples; what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Psalmes with another to the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the Saints-bell.

I wonder for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Lease of his body.

First *Stamford* slew him: then *Waller* out-killed

killed that half a bar; and yet it is thought the ſullen Corps would ſcarce bleed, were both theſe Manſlayers never ſo near it.

The fame goes of a Dutch-Headſman, that he would do his office with ſo much eaſe and dexterity, that the head after execution ſhould ſtand upon the ſhoulders; pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place. For as if he had the like knack too, moſt of thoſe whom the *Diurnal* hath ſlain for him, to us poor Mortals ſeem untoucht.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning that melts the ſword, and never ſinges the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whoſe Lady is the *Conqueror*: This is the *Cittie-Champion*, and the *Diurnals Delight*, he that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commiſſion: for he ſtalks with *Eſſex*, and ſhoots under his belly, becauſe his Excellency himſelf is not charged there Yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell: tranſlate, but the Scene to *Round-way Down*, There *Hazlerig*'s Lobſters were turned into Crabs and crawled backwards: there poor Sir *William* ran to his wife for a uſe of conſolation.

But the *Diurnal* is weary of the arm of fleſh, and now begins an *Hoſanna* to *Cromwel*, one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the Old Teſtament: you may learn the Genealogie of

of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment; The Muſter Maſter uſes no other Liſt than the firſt Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forrainers, when themſelves entertain ſuch an Army of *Hebrews*? This *Cromwel* is never ſo valorous, as when he is making ſpeeches for the Aſſociation; which nevertheleſs he doth ſomewhat ominouſly with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomets* Pidgeon to come and prompt him. He ſhould be a bird of prey too by his bloody beak; his Noſe is able to try a young Eagle, whether ſhe be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that gliſters: What we wonder at in the reſt of them is naturall to him, to kill without blood-ſhed: for the moſt of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a Looking-glaſs would ſhew him more Superſtition. He is ſo perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own *countenance*. If he deals with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old *Monument*; then down goes *duſt* and *aſhes*: and the ſtouteſt *Cavalier* is no better. *O brave Oliver! Times Voider, Subſizer* to the *Worms*: in whom *Death* who formerly devoured our *Anceſtors*, now chews the cud. He ſaid grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marqueſs* of *Newcaſtle*: nay and the *Diurnal* gave you his *bill of fare*; but it proved a running ban-

banquet, as appears by the story. Believe him as he whistles to his *Cambridge* Teem of *Committee men*, and he doth wonders. But *holy men* (like the *holy Language*) must be read backwards. They rifle *Colledges* to promote *Learning*, and pull down *Churches* for *edification*. But *Sacriledge* is entailed upon him: There must be a *Cromwell* for *Cathedrals*, as well as for *Abbeys*: a secure sin whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For how can he be hang'd for *Church-robbery*, which gives it self the benefit of the *Clergy*?

But for all *Cromwels* Nose wears the *Dominical Letter* compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the *Vigils* to an *holy-day*. This, this is the man of God, a sanctified *Thunder-bolt*, that *Burroughs*, in a proportionable blasphemy to his *Lord of Hosts*, would style him the *Archangel* giving battle to the *Devil*.

Indeed, as the *Angels*, each of them make a severall *species*, so every one of his *Souldiers* is a distinct *Church*. Had these beasts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have suited them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an *Association*.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in understanding. It is the sign of a *coward* to *wink*, and fight; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance.

But

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds; it is not by traduction: if he was begotten a Saint, it was by equivocal generation: for the Devil in the father, is turn'd Monk in the son, so his godliness is of the same parentage with good Laws, both extracted of bad manners; and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and say to corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by clouding our Mother-University; and (if this Scotch mist further prevail) will extinguish this other. He hath the like quarrel to both, because both are strung with the same *Optick nerve*, *Knowing Loyalty*. Barbarous Rebel! who will be revenged upon all Learning, because his Treason is beyond the mercy of the book.

The *Diurnal* as yet hath not talkt much of Victories; but there is the more behind: For the Knight must alwayes beat the Giant: that's resolved. If any thing fall out amisse, which cannot be smothered, the *Diurnal* hath a help at Maw, it is but putting to *Sea*, and taking a *Danish Fleet*, or brewing it with some successe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnal*, as *Brereton* and *Gell*, two of *Mars* his petty-toes; such snivelling Cowards,

that it is a favour to call them ſo. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he reſembled the *Beaſt*, he would have odds of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible ſlaughter-man at a Thanksgiving Dinner: had he been a *Cannibal*, to have eaten thoſe that he vanquiſht, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greateſt wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his perſonal, but (as the *State-Sophies* diſtinguiſh) in his Politick capicity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the houſe he ſate in; as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble Crutch to a declining Cauſe; a new branch of the old *Oak of Reformation*.

And now I ſpeak of Reformation, *vous avez Fox*, the Tinker, the liveliеſt embleme of it that may be; For what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinker-wiſe, in mending one hole, they made three?

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tetters and Ring-worms of the *State*.

I will cloſe up all thus: The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magical Combat of *Apuleius*, who thinking he had ſlain all three of his Enemies, found them at laſt but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such and ſo empty are the triumphs of a *Diurnall*, but ſo many impoſthumated Fan-

Fancies, ſo many bladders of their own blowing.

The Character of a Country Committee-man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequeſtrator.

A Committee-man by his name ſhould be one that is poſſeſſed; there is number enough in his name to make an Epithet for Legion; he is *Perſona in concreto* (to borrow the Soleciſme of a modern Stateſmen) you may tranſlate it by the Red Bull phraſe, and ſpeake as properly, enter ſeven Devils *ſolus*: It is a well-trus'd title, that contains both the number and the Beaſt. For a Committee-man is a Noun of multitude; he muſt be ſpelled with figures, like Antichriſt wrapped in a pair-royal of Sixes: Thus the name is as monſtrous as the Man, a compleat notion of the ſame lineage with accumulative treaſon: For his office is the Heptarchy of *Englands* Fritters: it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the Royalty is great; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fare; the Pope and he rings the change; here is the plurality of Crowns to one head; joyn them together, and there is a harmony in diſcord, the tripple-headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regall Government, but (like holy Reliques) he outbulks the ſubſtance whereof he is a remnant

There is a ſcore of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Croſſe there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that weilds the Scepter, the tyrannicall Bead-Roll, by which the Kingdome prayes backward, and with a kind of *Kebus*, at every curſe drops a Committee-man. Let *CHARLES* be waved, whoſe conducing clemency aggravates the defection, and makes *Nero* the queſtion, better a *Nero* than a Committee. There is leſſe execution by a ſingle bullet, than by caſe-ſhot.

Now a Committee-man is a party-coloured officer, he muſt be drawn like *Janus* with Croſſe and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or face about to his fleecing the Country. Look upon him Martially, and he is a Juſtice of war; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, & will needs be of the *Quorum* to the beſt Commanders; he is one of *Mars* his Lay-Elders; he ſhares in the Government, though a Non-conformiſt to his bleeding Rubrick; he is the like Sectary in arms, as the Platonick is in love, keeps a flattering in diſcourſe, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an Emblem of the golden Age (and ſuch indeed he makes it) to him, when ſo tame a Pidgeon may converſe with Vultures. Methinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandileers dangling about a fur'd Alderman, have an Anagram reſem-

ſemblance; there is no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a helmet. Who ever knew an enemy routed by a grand-Jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left-handed Garriſon where their authority perches; but the more prepoſterous, the more in faſhion: the right hand fights, while the left rules the reins: The truth is, the Souldier and the Gentleman are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancha Pancha*, one fights at all adventures to purchaſe the other the Government of the Iſland. A Committee-man properly ſhould be the Governours Mattroſſe to fit his truckle, to raiſe Aſſeſſements in the neighbouring Wapentake. The Country people being like an Iriſh Cow, that will not give down her milk unleſs ſhe ſee her Calf before her: Hence it is, he is the Garriſons dry Nurſe, he chews their Contribution before he feeds them; ſo the poor Souldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this ſacred Crocodile. So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is ſo preternatural, that it is rather a vizard than a face. *Mars* in him hath but a blinking aſpect, his *face of Arms* is like his *coat parte per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman, much of a ſcantling. Now enter his Taxing and deglubing face, a ſqueezing look like that of *Veſpaſianus*, as if he were breeding over a cloſeſtool.

Take him thus, and he is in the inquiſition of the purſe an authentick Gypſie, that nips your Bung with a canting Ordinance; not a

murthered fortune all in the *Country*, but bleeds at the touch of this malefactor. He is the ſpleen of the body Politick, that ſwells it ſelf to the conſumption of the whole. At firſt indeed he ferreted for the Parliament, but ſince he hath got off his Cope, he ſet up for himſelf; he lives upon the ſins of the people, and that's a good ſtanding-diſh too; he verefies the Axiom, *Iſidenm nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his diet is ſuitable to his conſtitution. I have wondred often why the plundred Country men ſhould repair to him for ſuccour; certainly it is under the ſame notion, as one whoſe pockets are pickt goes to *Mal-cut-purſe*, as the predominant in that faculty. He out dives a Dutchman: gets a Noble of him that was never worth ſix-pence; for the pooreſt do not eſcape, but Dutch like he will be dreyning even the drieſt ground; he aliens a Deliquents eſtate with as little remorſe as his Holineſſe giveth away an Heriticks Kingdome; and for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little ſhare of infallibility. Lye is the grand *S*allad of Arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber, and the high Commiſſion; for thoſe Courts are not extinct, they ſurvive in him, like Dollars changed into ſingle money. To ſpeak the truth, he is the univerſal Tribunal: for ſince theſe times all cauſes fall to his cognizance, as in a great infection all diſeaſes turn oft to the Plague. It concerns

concerns our Masters the *Parliament* to look about them; if he proceedeth at this rate, the Jack may come to swallow the Pike; as the Interest often eats out the Principal. As his commands are great, so he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is punctual in exacting your hat, and to say right, it is his due: but by the same title as the upper garment is the vails of the *Executioner*. There was a time when such cattel would hardly have been taken upon suspition of men in office, unless the old Proverb were renewed, that the Beggars make a free Company, and those their Wardens. You may see what it is to hang together; look upon them severally, and you cannot but fumble for some threds of charity: But O they are Tarmagrants in conjunction! like Fidlers who are rogues when they go single, and joyned in consort, gentlemen Musicianers. I care not much if I untwist my Committee-man, and so give him a receit of this grand Catholicon.

Take a State-Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the Excise of his ears, so suffered captivity by the Land-Piracy of *Ship-money*; next a Primitive Freeholder, one that hates the King, because he is a Gentleman, transgressing the *Magna Charta* of delving *Adam*. Adde to these a mortified Bankrupt, that helps out his false weights with some scruples of Conscience, and with his peremptory scales

can doom his prince with a *Mene Tekel.* Theſe with a new blue-ſtokin'd Juſtice, lately made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a ſhort-handed Clerk, tackt to the rear of him to carry the Knapſack of his underſtanding, together with two or three equivocal Sirs, whoſe Religion like their Gentility, is the extract of their Acres, being therefore ſpiritual, becauſe they are earthly; nor forgetting the man of the Law, whoſe corruption gives the *Hogon* to the ſincere Juncto. Theſe are the ſimples of this precious compound, a kind of Dutch hotch-potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

A Committee-man hath a Side-man, or ratheir a ſetter-hight, a Sequeſtrator, of whom you may ſay, as of the great Sultans horſe, where he treads, the graſſe grows no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fiſhes for the publick, but feeds himſelf; the miſery is, he fiſhes without the Cormorants property, a rope to ſtrengthen the gullet, and to make him diſgorge. A Sequeſtrator! He is the Devils Nut-hook, the ſign with him is always in the clutches There are more Monſters retain to him, than to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is ſtrange Phyſicians do not apply him to the ſoles of the feet in a deſperate Feaver; he draws far beyond Pigeons: I hope ſome Mountebank will ſlice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is the difference;

noe

one applauds the Grinder, the other the Grist. Never till now could I verifie the Poets description, that the ravenous Harpie had a humane visage. Death it self cannot quit scores with him; Like the Demoniack in the Gospel, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy water shed by Widows and Orphans a sufficient Exorcism to dispossesse him. Thus the Cat sucks your breath, and the fiend your blood; Nor can the brotherhood of witch-finders, so sagely instituted with their terrour, wean the Familiars.

But once more to single out my imbost Committee-man, his fate (for I know you would fain see an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations; and so the spunge weeps out the moisture which he soaked before; Or else he meets his passing peal in the clamorous mutiny of a gut-foundred Garrison; For the hedge-Sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he mistakes his commons and bites off her head. Whatever 'tis, it is within his desert: For what is observed of some creatures, that at the same time they trade in productions three stories high, suckling the first, big with the second, and clicketing for the third. A Committee man is the Counterpoint; his mischief is superfetation, a certain scale of destruction; for he ruines the Father,

beg

beggers the Son, and ſtrangles the hopes of all poſterity.

A Letter to a Friend, Diſſwading him from his attempt to marry a NUN.

SIR,

THough no mans arms can be opened wider to receive you on ſhore, and give you poſſeſſion of this breſt, yet I know not whether with the uſuall complement, I may welcome you home, as doubting your Countrey may have mewed that relation in ſo long an abſence, ſhe having expos'd her nobleſt Iſſue, being conviction enough to make you diſclaim her. Beſides, there is ſuch a new face of things ſince your departure, that what was formerly the Character of the Inhabitant, is now the Kingdomes, *To be a ſtranger at home*, inſomuch as were you deſign'd for a ſecond journey, it might be part of your buſineſs to travel other Countreys in queſt of your own. Indeed ſhe is but an Alien in her looks, that moſt of her Off-ſpring dare not ask her bleſſing; her countenance is not denizen of herſelf; you would think her to be ſome floating Iſland, that had made a voyage onely to truck for an outlandiſh viſage. Some, who have ſpell'd her lineaments, ſay ſhe copies out the *Dutch*, and to make good the parallel, they doubt not to inſtance our *Hogan* Governours. It is in a broken

ken Kingdome, as in a crack'd Looking-glaſſe, where inſtead of one face, that Monarch-like, ſhould repreſent the whole, you may ſee variety of leſſer ones, glimmering in its room, and the Aſpects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a forreigner ſhe is, and her complexion borrowed; ſo that as our new Philoſophers would have the *Earth* to move, and the heavens ſtand ſtill, the ſame may be ſaid of the State of ours, and the Royal train that you were part of. It was the Kingdome wandered, not you that left it. You are fix'd, and *England* in exile. When a Countrey reels from its ſetled poſture, there is no defection in him that quits it, it having firſt abandon'd it ſelf. In this caſe, though it be a fallacy in the ſence, it holds good in reaſon, that the ſhore moves and falls off from the Saylor. Whence you ſee, Sir, there is ſome poſſibility I might reverſe your travels, were it not for one argument which abundantly confirms them, the ſage experience you have treaſur'd up in your obſervations: for no ſooner had you loſt your native ſoil, but by way of repriſal you took in others. The Dominions you viſit you carry along with you, and by a victorious induſtry make them pay tribute to your underſtanding; not like a number of our roaring Gallants, who return ſo empty and without their errand, as if their travell, like Witches in the air, were nothing

nothing but the waſtage of a deluded phanta-ſy, perſwading themſelves that they circle the Globe, when the Card they ſayl by, is nothing elſe but a ſlumbering impoſture. But methinks we are too grave Sir, what if we unbend a while, and tell you that in all your Errantry, there is no Adventure ſo much affects me, as that of the *Nun*: where I cannot determine, whether your love it ſelf were more exotick, or the form of accoſting it: For although it be naturall for jealouſie to ſtudy Fornication, and every Cuckold within his own precincts to be an Engineer, yet never before have I heard of a Miſtreſſe fenc'd with a port-cullice, or an amorous viſit manag'd with the caution, which ſuſpicious Kings uſe in an enterview. This manner of greeting may not unfitly be termed *Cupids* barriers, breathing exerciſe rather then a combat, where the dallying Champions have a rail to part them, that they may not fight it out to the uttermoſt. Had your old Romancing ſpirit poſſeſt you, the brandiſh'd blade would have freed the Lady from her inchanted durance; nor had you been leſſe concerned in the reſcue, than the fair Recluſe; for who, that blows ſhort in expectation of his love, and in that heat of impatience ſhould be ſever'd from his hopes by a few envious bars, would not feel himſelf like another S. *Laurence* broyl'd on a Gridiron? But ſee how cuſtomes

ſtomes may vary with the clime! as there are ſome Regions who ſalute one another by putting off their ſhoos inſtead of their hats: ſo it ſeems where you have been, there is as different a form of impriſonment; the Priſoner is at large and without the grate wiſhing for admittance, and ſhe, at whoſe ſuit his ſoul is arreſted, cloſe clapt up and abridged of liberty. Sure at this grate thoſe *Chryſom*-lovers called *Platonicks* had the'r firſt training' thoſe queaſie gamſters that diet themſelves with the very notion of mingling ſouls, without putting their bodies to farther brokage than kiſſing of hands, and twiſting of eye-beams. For your part Sir, you are none of thoſe puling ſtomacks, you have an appetite for a whole Cloiſter. It is but trifling ſports for you to pull down the Out-lier, unleſs you leap the pale, and let ſlip at the herd. I wonder what exorciſme the Abbeſſe uſed to get quit of the *Incubus*; for had ſhe not checked your hovering temptations, I am confident by; this time you had transformed the Covent, and turned the *Nunnery* into a *Seraglio*. But in ſober ſadneſs why a *Nun*? Sir, how came you out of the active torrent into that ſolitary creek! Princes ſeldome treat of Matches, but in forrein Dominions; your affection takes greater ſtate, as fixing upon one of another world: had your paſſion been centred on the beauty of her ſoul,

I had looked upon it as the act of your conversion; ſuch a love might juſtly have been chriſtened by the name of Zeal, being ſetled on a perſon, on whom to be enamoured is in a ſort to take Orders. Hence it is, there want not ſome who ſuſpect your Religion, leſt equivocating from the beauty of her perſon, to that of her profeſſion, you ſhould turn Monaſtick. Others who are better acquainted with the warmth of your temper, are rather ſolicitous for the Church in general, for fear leſt with *Luther* you ſhould marry a *Nun*, and ſo with him to make her a Joynture in a new Religion. If this be your plot, conſider I pray you, how difficult it is to innovate farther in this age of Novelties, when the world is ſo ſpent in new inventions, that for want of gain, even ruſt and rottenneſs are flouriſhed over with a ſeeming verdure; Not one of all thoſe beldam hereſies, that did pennance formerly by the doom of the Ancients, but hath caſt her skin ſince theſe confuſions, and giveth her ſelf out for a blooming Virgin. But I think I may ſpare this piece of Counſell: I dare be your compurgator for medling with Religion. That which fired your ſpirits, was the ambition of the enterprize; nor could you entertain a more aſpiring frenzy, but by making to a glorified body. Tell me, I pray you, how many beads did you drop in wooing? By what Liturgy did

you

you frame your courtſhip? Laick applications are here ſcandalous, nor will it avail to ſay you languiſh without compaſſion: A ſenſual man is able to vitiate the Veſtall flame even by his martyrdome. Other lovers in the jollity of their trope, uſe to canonize their Miſtreſſes, as being of opinion, that the native rubrick of their cheeks hath hallowed them; will you run counter to their conſecration, and degrade a Saint by morall addreſſes? If you have no room in your Kalender for perſons upon earth, yet do not prophane a Probationer of heaven, as if the readieſt way to rectifie Superſtition, were with our Modern Reformers to bow it into Atheiſme. Let me adviſe you Sir, to retrieve your ſelf back from this carnal ſacriledge. Catch not at *Heroſtratus* his fame, by ſetting fire on the Temple; and diſpute not a ſhape of guilt with *Lucifer*, in cauſing a ſecond fall of Angels: Nay never ſtart Sir, nor look about at the expreſſion; for I perſwade my ſelf, that thoſe Divines, who allot to each of us a Tutelar Angel for our protection, would not prejudice their opinion, ſhould they leave her to her own tuition, as hardly knowing in ſuch a perſon how to diſtinguiſh between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our noble Friend, that what my Phantaſie ſuggeſted upon this ſubject, I would mould into number; but I muſt begg

your

your pardon, it being a requeſt with which to comply were to be your fellow criminal, and by a conformity of guilt to pervert a votary; for even my Muſe is vowed and veild too; ſhe is ſet apart for the ſervice of my Miſtreſſe, and what is that, but even true Religion? The truth is, ſhe is ſo charily confined to that ſole employment, that ſhould I in verſe attempt to yield you an account, how much I honour you, not a whole grove of Laurel would bribe her to a Diſtick; whereas in tranſitory proſe were I Maſter of all thoſe languages, which I make no queſtion but you have gain'd by your travels, I ſhould hold them all too few to give you ſuffieient aſſurance that I am,

Sir,

Your moſt faithfull.

LETTERS.

SIR,

THough I have no reaſon to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garriſon, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you that on Friday laſt, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my ſervant, entred your Ark, and with him of my monies 133-0-8. this preciſe ſum I was willing you ſhould know, ſuppoſing your

your wisdome might own the monies, though your honestie could hardly allow the act. Wch if so, & that hereafter we shall find it no sin to violate your sanctuary; & upon the audit finde the receipt, we may happily count it a loan, and not a losse, it being in hands responsible for greater matters: and now Sir, let me speak to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his just reward, prefer him, or send him hither, and we shall; if you dare not trust him, let him be trusted; If you dare, I shal wish you more such servants, and for that onely reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours: *W. E.*

The Answer.

SIxtly, beloved is it so, that our brother and fellow labourer in the Gospel is start aside? then this may serv for an use of instruction, not to trust in man, or in the son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Onesimus* run from his master *Philemon*? Also this should teach us to imploy our talents, and not lay them up in a napkin. Had it bin done among the Cavaliers it had been just, then the Hraelite had spoiled the Egyptian: but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*; that-that-! You see what use Sir, I make of your doctrine you sent to me, and indeed since you change stile so far as to nibble at Wit, you must pardon it to quit scores; I pretend a little to a

gistin preaching. Sir, I expected to hear from you in the phrase of the loft Groat, and the prodigal Son, and such a *tantum* of language; but I perceive your communication is not alwayes yea yea, but now and then a little harlottry Rhetorick: you say that your man is entred our Ark, I am sorry you are so ignorant in Scripture as to let him come single; The text had been better satisfied, if you had pleased to bear him company, for then the beasts had entred by couples. But though he came alone, yet well lined it seems, a 133.0 8. sure the Hue and Cry had good Lungs, it would have been out of breath else, before it had reached the 8. Thus is the sum, but why you call it the precise sum, since it is fallen away, I understand not: but how come you to reckon so punctually! Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table-Dormant? What year of the persecution of the Saints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the shekels, that is the more sanctified coyn. I take it you are mistaken in the sanctuary you speak of; For that which your man hath taken is *Welbeck*, one of our Chappels of ease, not the mother Church, our Garrison of *Newarke*. But the best is, they are both without the reach of your Sacriledge. Whereas you count the losse but a loan, we shall grant as a debt, but beoring the same date of payment, as that which you borrowed on the publick Faith. I suspect our hand

was

was troubled with the Palesy when you wrote of a Judge: your man however shall finde me an advocate; so what say you to an occasional meditation? Reflect but on your self, how you have used our common master, and I doubt not but then you will pardon your man; he hath but transcribed and copied out the disloyalty of his master, as his fraternity hath taught him; and to conclude with your own, I wish you more such servants and more such sums, to be derived to their proper channell, from whence it is imaginable that was purloyned.

J.C.

Sir,

HAd not indulgent mercy provided for troubled spirits sacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive something worthy of laughter? how easily had the expence of your wit been trussed up in an Egg-shell? I dare not trace in holy ground, it is not safe nibling there; you see what doctrine I make of your use. But yet so far as yours is profane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare undertake like a mighty Colosse (whose very motion doth *Cleave Land* like *terram findere*) to devoute indigested lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morsel, & theu retail it out as a Jugler doth Inkle by the yard, all in Characters, & by couples entring the ark upon account. Yet allow me to nibble, and I'le allow you the gift in preaching.

Pitty it is the provision of so many savoury lessons, wholsome instructions, even so many pious Collections, as might worthily have entituled you to the comfortable subsistence of a well gleb'd Vicaridge, besides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit, to tel how great such a divine knowledge as might enable you to prophane every leaf of holy writ, unknown sanctity, and a conscience so tender I dare not touch; Pitty it is such accomplish'd gifts, and prodigious Parts should be mis-imploy'd in secular affaires, such an holy Father might have begot as many babes for the Mother-Church of *Newark*, as our party hath of late done Garisons, and converted as many souls as *Chaucers* Fryer, with the shoulder-bone of the lost sheep. But you say you expected: I thought you had had more than you expected, but however you expected penitential language and humble style. The groat I will not meddle with, 'tis holy coyn, an addresse full of complaints. Sir, we (like your selves) can speak big of our losses, and yet with more ingenuity confesse them; though I for modesty will not ask you who stole from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King; but of that for that precise sum, I see you are willing to quarrel at precisenesse, it was to tell you revenge would have transformed it upon your very—How you quarrel at your good! had you

mistaken

mistaken him for a tax-gatherer, and eas'd him of his portage before he arrived at our Chappell of ease, I would not you should have abated him a fourth part of his forwardnesse, and put it upon the file of contribution for his Majesties good Garrison of *Newark*: I should have liked the security well, and when your works had failed to save you, expected a return upon the publick faith, the meditation whereof puttech me upon this advice, think not prophanesse can compact with mudd, to cast up a trench of security, attempt not, though a gyant, to reach at stars, to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wise on this side Heaven.

The Answer.

THe Philosopher that never laughed but once when he saw an Asse mumbling of thistles, would have broke his spleen at the rejoynder of yours; for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, observing how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my Letters, lest it should prick your chaps? But somthing must needs be reply'd: Repetitions are usual with the Saints at *Grantham*. I look upon your letter as a spittle-Sermon, where I perceive

your ambition, how you would prove your self a clean beast, because you know how to chew the cud: For the first sentence, where you speak of troubled spirits, and sacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll Common* extasie; certainly your spirit is troubled, else your expressions had not run so muddy: for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if possible, to be reconciled to sense. The wit which you say may be truffed up in an Egg-shell, I fear your oval Crown hath scarce capacity to contain: your disclaim being a Coloss content; I have as diminutive thoughts of you as you please. I take you for a Jack of Lent, and my pen shall make of you accordingly, three throws for a penny. But you cannot *Cleave-Land* like, *terram findere*. O what a chargeable commodity is wit at *Grantham*, where the poor writer playes the Pimp, and jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull sheets for the production of a quibble! But I applaud your cunning; the more unknown the town is you jest in, your wit will be the better; and why cannot you *Cleave* the *Land*? tread but hard, and your cloven foot will leave it's impression; you talk of the Cyclops and Juglers; indeed hard words are the Juglers Dialect; but take heed, the time may come, when unless you play *presto be gone*, your run-away-King may cause you Juglers-wife to disgorge your fate, and vomit

a

a rope in ſtead of Ink? But to eccho your compaſſion and return you an Inventory of your good party, is it not pitty the pure extract of ſanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in a Pipkin of Predeſtination, and ſince well read in the ſick mans ſalve, and crumbs of comfort, and liberally fed with all the minced meat in Divinity; Is it not pitty ſuch a pious gogleat the Eye, ſuch a melodious twang at the noſe, ſuch a ſplay mouth drawn dry, as it were edifying the ear in private, beſides the Cheverall lungs which will ſtretch forth ſo farr as ſeventeenthly; Is it not pitty theſe gallant ingredients of modern devotion, which might juſtly have qualifyed you for a tub-lecture, and in time have enlarged your Dioceſſe as that of Hidbery, that thoſe ineffable parts that paſſe all underſtanding, ſhould thus be ſequeſtred from the primitive uſe, and of a godly Lance-preſade in the Church-militant, be converted to a brother of the Blade: ſuch a walking Directory, ſuch a zealous *Koger* as this, might have ſaved more ſouls than ever *Sampſon* ſlew, and with the ſame Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Aſſe? your pen is coy, and you wave the holy ground; and the holy coyn with a ſquemiſh preterition: I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is an holy ground, for then I hope *Hotham*'s barn is not as good a Congregation as Saint *Paul*'s; for the holy coin you

must pardon me if I ſuſpect the chaſtity of your fingers. I am ſure thoſe of your party have been troubled with fellons; witneſſe the Church-revenues, and ſeveral ſacriledges that cannot be paired off with your nails. But there is another reaſon why I abſtain from the ignominy of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your moneys; but verily, verily, never ſprings the patridge. You would have your man taken for a tax-gatherer: Lord, how the ſtyle alters! the man when he was with you, was one of the Scribes and Phariſees, and here he muſt paſſe for a Publican and ſinner. Sir, we caſt up no trench of ſecurity, though we might have dirt enough in your language to do it, and yet we hope to be ſaved by our works, for all the ſtrength of your Faith, whereby you hold your ſelves able to remove mountains: for your advice not to throw ſtars at your head, I embrace it, for what need I, as long as there is gooſe-ſhot to be had for money? my wit ſhall be on what ſide heaven you pleaſe, provided it be alwayes antartick to yours: for the appellation of Giant, I accept it; onely I am ſorry that I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might ſo often ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Sir,

Your ſervant,

Jo. Cl.

THE CHARACTER OF A DIURNAL-MAKER.

A *Diurnal-maker* is the Sub-almoner of History, Queen *Mabs* Register; one whom by the same figure, than a North-Country Pedler is a Merchant-man, you may style an Authour. It is the like over-reach of language, where every thin cinder-cloaked Quack as Doctor, when a Clumsy Cobler usurps the attribute of our English Peers, and is vamped a Translator; list him a Writer and you smother *Geoffrey* in swabberslops; the very name of *Dabbler* over-sets him, he is swallowed up in the praise like Sir *Samuel Luke* in a great Sadle, nothing to be seen but the giddy Feather in his Crown. They call him a *Mercury*, but he becomes the Epithete, like the little *Negro* mounted on the Elephant, just such another blot-rampant. He has not stuffings sufficient for the reproach of a Scribler, but it hangs about him like an old wives skin, when the flesh hath forsaken her, lank & loose. He defames a good Title, as wel as most of our modern Noble-men, those

those Weins of greatnesse, the body politicks most peccant humours, blistred into Lords. He hath so rawboned a Being, that however you render him, he rubs it out, and makes raggs of the expression. The silly Countrey-man (who seeing an Ape in a scarlet coat, blest his young worship, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his house) did not slander his Complement with worse application, than he that names this shred an Historian. To call him an Historian, is to Knighte a Mandrake, it is to view him through a perspective, and by that grosse Hyperbole to give the reputation of an Engineer to a maker of Mouse-traps. Such an Historian would hardly passe musters with a Scotch Stationer in a sieve-full of Ballads and godly Beuks. He would not serve for the brest-plate of a begging Græcian. The most crampt *Compendium* that the age hath seen since all learning was torn into ends, out-strips him by the head: I have heard of Puppets that could prattle in a Play, but never saw of their writings before. There goes a report of the *Holland* women, that together with their children they are delivered of a Sooterkin; not unlike to a Rat, which some imagin to be the Off-spring of the Stoves: I know not what *ignis fatuus* adulterates the presse, but it seems much after that fashion, else how could this Vermin think to be a Twin to a legitimate

Writer,

Writer, when those weekly fragments shall passe for History? let the poor-mans box be intituled the Exchequer, and the Alms-basket a Magazine. Not a worm that gnaws on the dull scalpe of voluminous *Hollinshed*, but at every meal devoured more Chronicle, than his tribe amounts to. A marginal note of *William Prinne* would serve for a winding-sheet for that mans works, like thick-skinned fruits are all rinde, fit for nothing but the Authors fate, to be pared in a Pillory.

The Cook, who served up the Dwarf in a Pye (to continue the frolique) might have lapped up such an Historian as this in the bill of fare. He is the first tincture and rudiment of a Writer, dipped as yet in the preparative blew, like an Almanack well-willer. He is the *Cadet* of a Pamphletere, the *Pedee* of a Romancer. He is the *Embrio* of a History, slinked before maturity; How should he record the issues of time, who himself is an Abortive? I will not say but he may passe for an Historian in *Gerbiers* Academy, he is much of size of those knot-grasse professors; VVhat a pitifull Seminary was there projected, yet suitable enough to the present Universities, those dry-Nurses, which the providence of the age has so fully reformed, that they are turned Reformadoes! But that is no matter, the meaner the better: It is a maxim observable in these

dayes,

dayes, that the onely way to win the game, is to play *petty Johns*. Of this number is the Esquire of the Quills for he hath the grudging of *History*, and some yawnings accordingly. Writing is a disease in him, and holds like a quotidian; so it is his infirmity that makes him an Author: As *Mahomet* was beholding to the falling sickness to vouch him a *Prophet*. That nice *Artificer* who filed a chain so thin and light that a flea could trail it (as if he had worked short hand, and taught his tooles to cypher) did but contrive an Emblem for this skip-jack and his slight productions.

Me thinks the *Turk* should licence Diurnalls, because he prohibits learning and books. *A* Library of Diurnalls is a wardrobe of fripery, it is a just Idea of the Limbo of *Infants*. I saw one once that could write with his toes, by the same token, I could have wished he had worn his copies for socks; it is he without doubt, from whom the Diurnalls derive their pedegree, and they have a birth-right accordingly, being shuffled out at the beds-feet of History. To what infinite numbers an Historian would multiply, should he crumble into elves of this profession? *Legioned Pymme*, whose flesh bred such a world of Executors, as being made of the roe of a Herring, of nothing else but compacted nits, did not disband his body in more variety.

To

To supply this smallnesse they are fain to joyn forces, so they are not singly, but as the custome is, in a creaking Committe; They tug at the Pen, like slaves at the Oare, a whole bank together, they write in the posture that the *Swedes* give fire in, over one anothers heads. It is said there is more of them go to a suit of Cloaths, than to *Britanicus*; In this Polygamy the Cloaths breed, & cannot determine whose issue is lawfully begotten.

And here I think it were not amisse to take a particular how he is accoutered, and so do by him, as he in his *Siquis* for the wall-eyed Mare, or the Crop-flea-bitten, give you the marks of the beast. I begin with his head, which is ever in the Clouts, as if the night-cap should make affidavit, that the brain was pregnant. To what purpose doth the *Pia Mater* lie in so duly, in her white formalities! sure she hath hard labour; for the brows have squeezed for it, as you may perceive by his buttered bonegrace, that film of a demicaster, it is so thin and unctious that the Sun beams mistake it for a vapour, and are like to cap him; so it is right *Heliotrope*, it creaks in the shine, and flaps in the shade. What ever it be, I wish it were able to call in his eares; there is no proportion betwixt that head and appurtenances; those of all Luggs are no more fit for that small Noddle

of

of the circumcision, than brasse bosses for a *Geneva Bible.* In what a puzling neutrality is that poor soul that moves betwixt two such ponderous byasses! His collar is wedged with a piece of peeping linnen, by which he means a *bond*; it is the forlorn of his shirt crawling out of his neck, indeed it is time that his shirt were jogging, for it hath served him an Apprentiship, and (as prentices use) it hath learned his trade too, to which effect it is marching to the Paper Mill, and the next week sets up for it self in the shape of a *Pamphlet*; His *Gloves* are the shavings of his hands, for he casts his skin like a cancelled parchment, tho itch represents the broken seals. His boots are the Legacyes of two black Jacks, and till he pawnd the silver that the Jacks were tipped with, it was a pretty mode of boothose tops. For the rest of his habit he is a perfect Seaman, a kinde of Interpawlin, he being hanged about with his course composicion these Poledavies papers.

But I must draw to an end, for every Character is an Anatomy-Lecture, and it fares with me in this of the *Diurnal-maker*, as with him that reads on a begged Malefactor; my subject smells before I have gon half thorow him: for a parting blow then, the word *Historian* imports a sage and solemn Author, one that curles his brow with a sullen gravity, like a Bull necked Presbyter, since the Army hath got off his juriſdiction,

risdiction, who Presbyter-like sweeps his breast with a reverend beard, full of native mosse-troopers. Not such a squirting scribe as this that is troubled with the Rickets and makes penny worths of History. The Colledge-Treasury, that never had in bank above a *Harry* groat, shut up there in a melancholy solitude, like one that is kept to keep possession, had as good evideuce to shew for his title, as he for an Historian: so if he needs will be an Historian, he is not cited in the *Sterling* acception, but after the rate of blew caps reckoning an Historian Scot. Now a Scotchmans tongue runs high *Fullames*, there is a cheat in his Ideom; for the sence ebbes from the bold expression, like the Citizens *Gallon*, which the drawer interprets but half a pinte. In summe, a *Diurnal-maker* is the anti-mark of an Historian, he differs from him as a Drill from a man (or if you had rather have it in the Saints gibberish) as a *Hinter* doth from a *Holder-forth.*

FINIS.

CLEAVELANDS PETITION TO *Oliver Cromwell,* Late PROTECTOR.

May it pleaſe your Highneſs,

RUlers within the Circle of their Government have a claime to that which is ſaid of the Deity, *They have their Center every where, and their Circumference no where.* It is in this confidence that I addreſſe to your Highneſs, as knowing no place in the Nation is ſo remote, as not to ſhare in the ubiquity of your care; no Priſon ſo cloſe as to ſhut me up from partak-

ing of your influence. My *Lord*, it is my misfortune, that after ten years of retirement from being engaged in the difference of the State, having wound my self up in a private receſs, and my comportment to the publick, being ſo inoffenſive, that in all this time, neither fears nor jealouſies have ſcrupled at my Actions: Being about three months ſince at *Norwich*, I was fetched with a guard before the Commiſſioners, and ſent Priſoner to *Yarmouth*, and if it be not a new offence to make inquiry wherein I offended (for hitherto my faults are kept as cloſe as my perſon,) I am induced to believe, that next to the adherence to the Royal party, the cauſe of my confinement is the narrowneſs of my eſtate; *for none ſtand committed whoſe eſtate can bail them*; I only am the Priſoner, who have no Acres to be my hoſtage. Now if my poverty be criminal (with Reverence be it ſpoken,) I muſt implead your *Highneſs*,

Highneſs, whoſe victorious Arms have reduced me to it, as acceſſary to my guilt. Let it ſuffice my Lord, that the calamity of the War hath made us poor; do not puniſh us for it! *Who ever did penance for being raviſhed?* Is it not enough that we are ſtript ſo bare, but it muſt be made in order to a ſevere Laſh? muſt our skars be engraven with new wounds? muſt we firſt be made Cripples, then beaten with our own Crutches? Poverty! if it be a fault, it is its own puniſhment; Who ſuffers for it more, pays Uſe upon uſe. I beſeech your *Highneſs* put ſome bounds to our overthrow, and do not purſue the chaſs to the other World: Can your thunder be levelled ſo low as our groveling Conditions? Can that towering Spirit, that hath quarried upon Kingdoms, make a ſtoop at us, who are the rubbiſh of thoſe ruines? Methinks I hear your former Atchievments interceding with you not to

ſully your glories, with trampling on the poſtrate, nor Clog the wheels of your Chariot with ſo degenerous a Triumph. The moſt renowned *Heroes* have ever with ſuch tenderneſs cheriſhed their *Captives*, That their Swords did but cut out work for their courteſie; Thoſe that fell by their proweſs, ſprung up by their favours, as if they had ſtruck them down, onely to make them rebound the Higher. I hope your Highneſs as you are the Rival of their fame, will be no leſs of their vertues; the nobleſt Trophy that you can erect to your Honour is to raiſe the afflicted. And ſince you have ſubdued all oppoſition, it now remains, that you attach your ſelf, and with acts of Mildneſs vanquiſh your victory. It is not long ſince, *My Lord*, that you knocked off the Shackles from moſt of our party, & by a grand releaſe did ſpread your clemency as larg as your territories. Let not new proſcriptions interrupt

terrupt our Jubilee. Let not that your lenity be ſlandered as the Ambuſh of your further rigour. For the ſervice of his *Majeſty* (if it be objected) I am ſo far from excuſing it, that I am ready to alledg it in my vindication: I cannot conceive that my fidelity to my Prince ſhould taint me in your opinion; I ſhould rather expect it ſhould recommend me to your favour; Had not we been faithfull to our *King*, we could not have given our ſelves to be ſo to your Highneſs; you had then truſted us *gratis*, whereas now we have our former Loyalty to vouch us. You ſee my Lord, how much I preſume upon the greatneſs of your Spirit, that dare prevent my Indictment with ſo frank a Confeſſion, eſpecially in this, which I may ſo juſtly deny, that it is almoſt arrogancy in me to own it; for the truth is, I was not qualifi'd enough to ſerve him; all that I could do, was to bear a part in his ſufferings, and give my ſelf

up to be cheriſhed with his fall; thus my charge is double(my obedience to my Soveraign, and what is the reſult of that,my want of a fortune;) Now what ever reflections I have on the former; I am a true penitent for the latter; My *Lord* you ſee my crimes!As to my defence you bear it about you!I ſhal plead nothing in my juſtification, but your *Highneſſe* Clemency, which as it is the conſtant inmate of a valiant breaſt, (if you graciouſly pleaſe to extend it to your Supplicant in taking me out of this withering durance,) your *Highneſs* will find that mercy will eſtabliſh you more than power; though all the dayes of your life were as pregnant with victories, as your twice auſpicious third of *September.*

Your Highneſs humble, and

ſubmiſſive Petitioner.

J. C.

CLEAVELANDS

LETTER

To the Earle of

WESTMORLAND.

My Lord,

IT were high presumption in me not to be proud of this occasion; and I should be no less than a rebel to eloquence, if the lines you sent me had not raised me above my ordinary Levell: So that to express my gratitude, I must renounce my humility, & purchase one virtue at the price of another. And well may my modesty suffer in the service, when my reason it self is overwhelm'd with the favor: To see a person of your Lordships eminency possest of nobility by a double Tenure, both of birth and brain, so to bend his greatness as to stoop to me,

(who live in the vale both of parts and fortune) is so high an honour, that who justly considers it, if he be not stupidly senseless, will be senseless with extasie. I for my part am lost in amazements; and it is mine interest to be so: for not knowing otherwise, how to give your present a fit reception, it is the best of my play to be besides my self in the action. You see (My Lord) how I empty my self of my native faculty, to be ready for those of your inspirings, as the Prophets of old in a sacred fury ran out of their wits to make room for the Deity. I shall not need hereafter to digest my conceptions, I shall speak by instinct: for when you designed to visit me with your lofty Numbers, what was it else but to make me the Priest of your Lordships Oracle? such is the strength and spirits of your fancy, that methought your Poems (like the richest wine) sent forth a steam at the opening. What flowed from your brain

brain, fumed into mine: it was almoſt impoſſible to read your lines, and be ſober. You, you (my Lord) are the favourite of the Muſes, your ſtrain is ſo happy, and hath the reputation for ſo matchleſs, as if you had a double key to the Temple of Honour: to let in your ſelf and exclude competitours. It is you (my Lord) have cut the clouds and reacht perfection: who having mounted the cliffe, lends an hand to me who am labouring in the craggy aſcent: ſo towering are the praiſes you pleaſe to beſtow on me, & my deſerts ſo grovelling, that to ſhew you my head is unworthy your height, it is not able to bear ſtem, it grows giddy with the precipice: it pains me to be on the laſt of an Hyperbole; you do but crucifie my tender merits to diſtend it thus at length & breadth. Conſider I pray you, that the leaneſt endowments would be plump and full, thus blown up with a quil: and that there are ſome

ſo

ſo dwarfiſh, whom the wrack will not ſtretch to a proper man. It is an excellent breathing for a puiſſant wit, to overbear the world in defence of a paradox: and a good Advocate will weather out a cauſe, when there is neither truth nor tackle to aſſiſt his invention. I perſwade my ſelf you had never undertaken to have writ my Panegyrick, but that you ſaw it was to combate with the tyde, and to put your abilities to the utmoſt teſt in ſo unlikely a ſubject. Little do you think what ſtore of oppoſers your opinion will breed you: for though you be ſo powerful in the art of perſwaſion, that ſhould you turn Apoſtate, there would need no more but to towle the bell for Religion, yet this is an Hereſie where you ſtand alone, and like *Scæva* in the breach, with your ſingle valour duel an Army.

Now My Lord, if *I* be not miſtaken, I have found the motive that induced you

you to oblige me; you are tied by your Order to give protection to the weak & succourleſs: ſo I muſt change mine addreſſes, and thank your red ribband for my commendations. Such, and ſo many are the flowers of Rhetorick you have heap'd upon me, that I run the hazard of that *Olympick* Victor, who was ſtifled with Poſies caſt upon him in approbation of his worth; which fragrant fate, if I ſhould ſuſtain, what is there more to make me enamoured of death, but that the ſame flowers ſhould ſtrew my Corps in a Funeral Oration? Could you think (My Lord) that the ſuppreſſing your name was able to conceal you, when it is eaſie to wind you by your phraſe? The ſweetneſs of the language diſcovered the Author; like that *Roman* Senatour, who, hiding himſelf in time of proſcription, his perfumes betraied him. But I ſhall not arreſt your Lordſhip ſo far with a further interruption. My Lord, you

have

have enobled me with your teſtimony: and I ſhall keep your Paper as the Patent of mine Honour. Yet give me leave to tell you; that among all the epithets you pile ſo artificially to build me a fame, there is one wanting to accompliſh my ambition, and which I beſeech your Lordſhip I may enjoy for the future; that is, to be eſteemed

SIR,

Your Honours, &c.

John Cleaveland.

FLy thou pretty active part
To the *Miſtris* of my heart?
Shew her how the tedious night
Sadly waſtes without delight,
How my waking ſoul divides
The ſilent day twixt ebbs and tides

Of hope and fear: How *Love* in me
Knows no meaſure or degree.
Tell her all my feigned dreams
Of her enjoyment, which in gleams
Of wiſhed bliſs I ſeem to ſee,
But waking prov'd a fallacie:

Contriv'd by death to Kill a Swain
More than half ready ſlain.
Tell her all my ſecret fears,
What a length's in ſeven years;
And that my grief well underſtood,
Is worſe by far than widdow-hood?

How to ſee and not partake
Is but dying for her ſake,
Tell her more than I dare ſay,
Yet can think as well as they

That

That feel the freedome of that heat
Which I in contemplation beat.

And let her know *love* more delights
In action than in appetites.
Tell her buriall and a wife (life.
Untouched, are both things without
And that too many heats and cold
Will make the beſt complexion old.

And when poor beauty's paſt its prime
The reſt is but a ſleeping time.
Tell her all thoſe heights and graces,
Which are built in female faces,
Like the *Orbes* without their motions
Are but glorious pitied notions.

And in ſhort without deceit
Love cannot for ever wait.
Pray her, pray her quickly yield,
Venus joy's to looſe the field,
And in fetter'd twines to lie,
Working through love's *Miſterie*.

Where in thouſand winding wayes
She can twiſt the lover's maze.

Where

Where with pleaſing loſs and pain
Ladies clip and to't again,
Mixing freſh with flames half gone,
Joyes firſt felt then thought upon.

Tell her if ſhe this deny,
Love onely fed with ayre muſt dy.
Ask her whether groans and charms
Mid-night walks and folded armes
Be all ſhe meant, when firſt ſhe flew
My ſilly heart at ſecond view?

And if a life be ſpent in wooing,
Where's the time reſerv'd for doing?
Now little ſigh, if ſhe at laſt
Chide and check thee with a caſt
Of angry looks, like one that comes
To kindle love in ſullen Tombes?

Return to me my pretty dear,
And I will hide thee in a tear.

FINIS.

A BRIEF

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